JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 27, 1930
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1267.
Vol. XLVIII.

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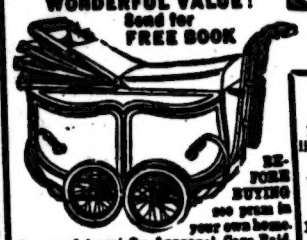

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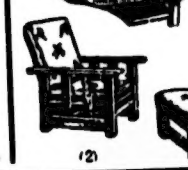

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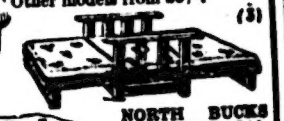

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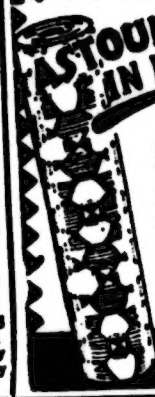

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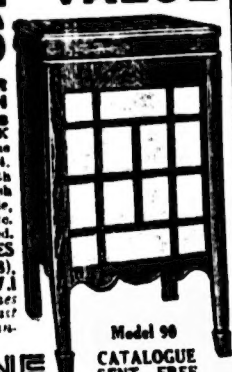

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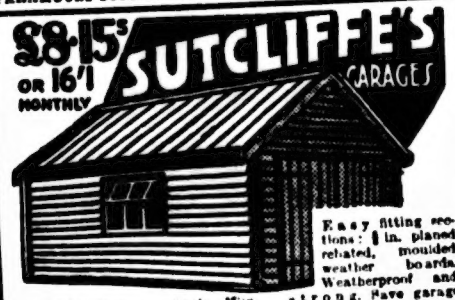

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THESE ARE THE GENUINE YALE GLOVE, strongly made of soft tan leather, processed to resist hard wear and remains soft after wetting. Warm wool lined.

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MORE POSTAL BARGAIN OFFERS appear on PAGE 14

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For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Sept. 27, 1930. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Two Months More of It—and Then . . .

PROMINENT bankers, industrialists and City men are convinced, as the result of careful researches, that Great Britain has practically reached the end of the most serious period of trade depression.

They believe that a definite quickening of productive activity will become evident in, at the most, two months' time.

Members of the Cabinet most intimately concerned with industrial questions are in the same optimistic mood. They prophesy a decrease in unemployment at a rate more rapid than the recent sorry increase.

The reason why

The fundamental reason for this favourable outlook is that Great Britain, primarily a manufacturing country, is bound to benefit from the low costs of raw materials at present ruling.

We should have benefited earlier but for the fact that much of our industrial plant was out of date, and the long period of depression before the fall in commodities had so straitened the finances of many companies that they were not able to buy even on a falling market.

A large portion of our plant has now been modernised and, following rationalisation schemes, more capital has, in many cases, became available.

Thus, simply, Britain is now getting into a stronger position to take advantage of cheap raw materials and manufacture at lower prices and on a larger scale.

More sabre-rattling

Recently some Jugoslav "minority" students in Italy were executed at Trieste for alleged plotting against the Fascist Government. The result was an outburst of popular indignation in Jugoslavia.

Italy's reply is to concentrate battleships at Trieste, build new barracks along the Italo-Jugoslav frontier and pour hordes of Fascist Militia into Trieste and Postumia.

It is expected that when the League Assembly finishes its present session at Geneva, Mussolini will indulge in some dramatic coup.

Both Italy and Jugoslavia are signatories to the Kellogg Pact. Is this to be another "scrap of paper"?

The Throne

The birth of a second daughter to the Duke and Duchess of York evoked several mysterious hints in the Press that changes in the system of succession to the Throne are pending.

The truth is that an exalted personage at Court is of the opinion that these are not the times when there should be the likelihood of a ruling Queen at the head of the British Empire.

And it has been suggested that experts on the subject should investigate the possibility of the Duke of Gloucester being brought closer in the direct line, in the event of neither of his elder brothers having a son.

We Corner the Air Ministry

Snowden's Straight Tip to France

The matter of the succession is a highly delicate one, and must be treated as such. The smallest alteration would have to be sahctioned by the Empire Parliaments.

The man they want "down under"

A job for "Birdie"?

The appointment of Sir William Birdwood, leader of the immortal "Anzacs" at Gallipoli, as Governor-General of Australia, is being urged in influential circles "down under."

Lord Stonehaven's period of office expires next year, but nothing definite will be decided until Mr. Scullin, the Federal Premier, arrives in this country for the Imperial Conference.

One thing is certain: Australia is in no mood to have another Governor-General thrust upon it merely on account of his political services at home.

Dope: the truth

Britain is not, as some might imagine from the reports which have latterly filled our newspapers, the centre of the world's dope traffic.

Consignments have passed through our principal ports, but the chief centres are in America, Japan, Egypt, Persia, Holland and Germany.

The only new fact in the situation is that some of the greatest experts on the problem are now in this country, and will shortly join in a conference in London to co-ordinate a world-campaign against dope.

But Britain just now has a fairly clean bill of health.

A card in hand

The Government has a national wheat policy ready in case it fails to carry its Empire policy at the coming Imperial Conference.

Bulk purchase at steady prices is the keynote of the latter. It is hoped that the Dominions will support it.

But there are difficulties.

Should, however, these prove insuperable, the Government will decide for a policy that stipulates for a specified quota of British wheat in all home-produced flour and bread.

That sweat-bag

The Air Ministry has been compelled to confirm our revelations concerning the heroes of the *R100* who flew the Atlantic and risked death by repairs in mid-air.

No comment is forthcoming regarding our pointed comparisons with the generous treatm .nt meted out to the German *Graf Zeppelin* crew.

* * *

Nothing, in fact, is said of any points we raised because there is nothing that can be said. Our facts are cast-iron.

But it remains for us to demand that before the crew sails to India in the sister-ship, *R101*, this contemptible state of affairs shall be handsomely adjusted.

Plucked eagle

The amazing result of the German elections has put new heart into the Monarchists. Two of the sons of the ex-Kaiser belong to the Fascist Party which has scored the recent sweeping success.

But the Republic is not in danger. Even should a Hohenzollern prince reascend the Imperial Throne, he will not wield one iota of the supreme power enjoyed by his ancestors.

The new Germany has tasted political liberty. It likes the taste.

A deed well done

Hill 60 is saved. There will be no more vandalism. This deathless memorial to the valour of British troops will remain hallowed ground for all time.

The nation was profoundly shocked when the *Daily Herald* first revealed that a British trench and dug-out had been excavated.

* * *

Within a few days Mr. J. J. Calder, a wealthy Burton-on-Trent brewer, promised to hand over the site of Hill 60 to the Imperial War Graves Commission as a gift to the nations of the Empire.

Indeed, a deed well done.

Youth astir

The young people of the Labour movement are restless. They want a bigger share of the responsibilities and opportunities.

At the coming annual conference the Labour Party League of Youth, for those below the age of twenty-five, will demand full rights as a Party organisation, with eligibility for representation on the executive.

In such an event there would be nothing to prevent a "Pitt" in the making, should he get sufficient support, from attaining high rank.

Already several members of the league are Parliamentary candidates; others will be within the next few months.

And why not? A few youthful slips of the tongue might do the House good.

Dodging the bill

Mr. Snowden is making serious and semi-secret representations to France concerning the French War Loan held by British investors.

A big batch of this will become due for repayment in a few months, and if France repays in its present depreciated currency British holders will get back only about one-third of the amount lent.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is anxious to make France honour its bond in the spirit as well as the letter, and pay back an amount equivalent to that borrowed.

So far he has been without success. He will have to use very plain language if the gold-hoarders are to be persuaded.

Mr. Morrison's dream

Mr. Herbert Morrison, Minister of Transport, has now worked out the financial basis on which he proposes to merge the London omnibuses, trams and tubes in one big publicly-owned Traffic Trust.

He is convinced

He is convinced that even when the shareholders have been compensated on a fair basis the resultant economies from unification will enable a remunerative return to be earned on the capital.

This is one of the biggest experiments in Socialism yet conceived by any of the Ministries, and Mr. Morrison is anxious to persuade the Cabinet to allow him to introduce the Bill this coming session.

City black list

Nearly a hundred mushroom companies that sprang up in 1928-1929 have gone into liquidation.

The Stock Exchange has, admittedly, done much to sweep away this garbage. But it can do still more.

What is needed is an authoritative "Black List," where careful record is inscribed of the gangs of fairy gold-spinners who have preyed on the public.

Once listed, these gentleman would find their claws cut. And the reputation of the greatest Stock Exchange in the world would be enhanced.

"IF YOU SEE IT—"

CONTINUED

What a farce!

It is time that the question of colliery accidents was treated seriously.

At present the representative of the Inspector of Mines makes a tour of the scene of the accident escorted by the management, with 'phones ringing to say that he is on his way.

This is absurd. If an inspection is to be genuine, it must be secret. The official must get into the mine as a worker and see what happens without smoked glasses.

As it is, the mine-owner wins every time.

A cruel bond

"Can I marry again?" is the pitiful question which dins the ears of our magistrates.

Mr. Dummett, the Marylebone magistrate, pityingly told a woman who had not heard of her husband for twelve years that she would have a good defence to a charge of bigamy if she pleaded that she believed her husband was dead.

The woman intends to make one last enquiry, and then, no doubt, she will marry again and run the risk of a bigamy charge.

What a wretched farce! Mr. Dummett and other magistrates should have power of divorce in such cases.

Twelve months after

At last, after years of uninterrupted criminal activity, Michael Dennis Corrigan, the Prince of Swindlers, has been sent to penal servitude.

Doubtless our readers found much that was reminiscent in the "revelations" contained in the newspaper re-

We gave his record a year ago

ports which followed his conviction at the Old Bailey.

For, while Corrigan was still at large, operating freely in the guise of an honest man, his real character was laid bare in two damning exposures which appeared in these columns as long ago as August and September, 1929.

Merrie England

The police-station cells at Egham, Surrey, have no central heating, running water, or other modern comforts.

But they are nice cells—as cells go—and compared with the neighbouring almshouses they are almost palatial.

However, the cells are to be pulled down to make way for an up-to-date building, although the almshouses are considered good enough.

Just another little side-light on this topsy-turvy land of ours.

Dog dopers next

Now that the Jockey Club has shown how to deal with people who dope horses in order that they shall win, perhaps the Greyhound Racing Association will cope more drastically with scoundrels who dope dogs to make defeat certain.

No subtle drug is needed in the case of greyhounds. A powerful purgative or a wrong meal at the right time will do the trick. And it is being done.

One veterinary surgeon with a life-long experience claims that he could find half a dozen doped dogs among the starters on big tracks within a week.

Dog-racing, as with all new sports, has attracted the riff-raff for whom the horse-racing authorities have no time. The Greyhound Association has dealt with a few of them. What about a "big push"?

Such is life

Maurice Chevalier, the talkie idol, is coming to London. He will be paid £8,000 for a fortnight's engagement at a London theatre.

The papers have been full of eulogies; the romance of his life; the glamour of his career.

One of them, in a modest footnote, explains that while a prisoner of war in 1915 Chevalier came across a sergeant of the Durham Light Infantry, who taught him the Allied language—the language that has made it possible for the star to earn £80,000 a year at Hollywood.

Chevalier is now the talk of the world. We wonder what has happened to the sergeant!

Hopfield horrors

More than once we have knocked on the head the popular belief that work in the hopfields is as good as a holiday. Actually it is sweated labour under conditions that are often hellish.

Congratulations, therefore, to Councillor Peter Hubbart, Mayor of Poplar, who has brought seventeen London families home from Sussex, and has proved that they were without food, and were living in huts not fit for pigs.

For how many more years is this sort of thing going to be tolerated?

Only justice

Mr. Lees Smith, the Postmaster-General, has instituted a reform which is at once so revolutionary and so natural that comment seems almost superfluous.

It is extraordinary that only now is a suspected Post Office official allowed to have a friend—who must be a member of the Post Office Service—to watch proceedings on his behalf.

The Post Office employee accused of dishonesty is now not entirely at the mercy of the authority.

Better late than never.

Journey's end

There were two poor people—William Bray and Annie Riley. They were unmarried, yet they consorted together, which was reprehensible. But that happens in the highest society.

What brought them into the Nuneaton Police Court was that they were "wandering abroad without visible means of subsistence."

And for that heinous offence the Bench of Magistrates committed them to fourteen days' hard labour! It sounds incredible—unless you know our J.P.s.

Dangerous rumours

Again we must repeat that there is not a grain of truth in the story that JOHN BULL awards prizes to children who furnish us with collections of motor-car numbers which they have recorded.

Whoever is responsible for a silly rumour that sends kiddies dashing dangerously into traffic for information, risking their lives and then wasting stamps writing for the "prizes," deserves the severest censure.

Apply the brake

The driver of a motor-coach, who was recently fined and had his licence suspended, was found to have twenty previous convictions against him, including five for dangerous driving.

Accidents to these coaches are becoming far too prevalent, and the owners should be liable to severe penalties if they employ drivers with bad records.

Perhaps the Ministry of Transport will consider ordering enquiries into future motor-coach accidents. There is no reason why this practice should be alone confined to railways.

More people than ever are travelling by road. They need as much protection as when travelling by rail.

Whitehall's live wires

At least two junior Ministers are working overtime in their attempts to recapture lost overseas markets.

A real go-getter, Mr. Shinwell

The Secretary for Mines, Mr. Shinwell, has gone with a party of colliery-owners to Scandinavia in quest of more coal orders.

Mr. Gillett, Minister for Overseas Trade, has half a dozen investigations going strong, and special missions have been despatched to South America, South Africa and the Far East to discover what customers in those countries really want.

This is real, live-wire work. The country could do with a lot more of it.

We appear in Court

JOHN BULL is often produced in court, and was much in evidence at the Old Bailey last week when a rogue named William James Caldwell received a twenty-months' sentence for robbing a girl of her life-savings.

We had exposed a swindling business he had run, and he had the audacity to try and justify his actions by pretending that he had used much of the girl's money to obtain redress from us for libel.

"Pluck this Weed!" was the heading of our exposure, and Caldwell heard in court that the title was indeed appropriate.

Why they're blue

We heartily endorse the appeal of six hundred disabled men at Roehampton to be permitted by the Ministry of Pensions to wear civilian clothes when outside the hospital grounds.

Twelve years ago even the children recognised a hero in the man garbed in blue. To-day he is the subject of curiosity, pitying remarks and even vulgar jokes. Many who were infants when the war ended imagine he is a workhouse inmate.

Those who remember must see that this ungrateful annoyance is abated. The silly insistence upon hospital garb on every occasion is red-tape of the most thoughtless character.

Oh, these coroners!

Mr. A. H. Emanuel, the Southampton coroner, says that, personally, he would abolish every newspaper in the world. "They are of no use. They are—like lawyers—necessary evils."

Mr. Emanuel is a plain speaker. So are we. We think he is talking pure, unadulterated rubbish, and we congratulate the local Press on indicating the fact.

Coroners are paid to hold inquests, not public meetings. In future, perhaps Mr. Emanuel will desist from wasting the time of his court in ventilating his own personal prejudice.

Fishing revolution

If the two experimental trawlers now being built for Fleetwood owners are a success, the whole of the nation's fishing industry may be revolutionised.

New features to be introduced include crude-oil engines and wireless telephones that will be used for instructional as well as directional and gale-warning purposes.

The new type of engine will come from Denmark. Oil will admit of greater bunker capacity, increased radius of action, and longer voyages from home bases.

Progressive trawler-owners will watch results with intense interest.

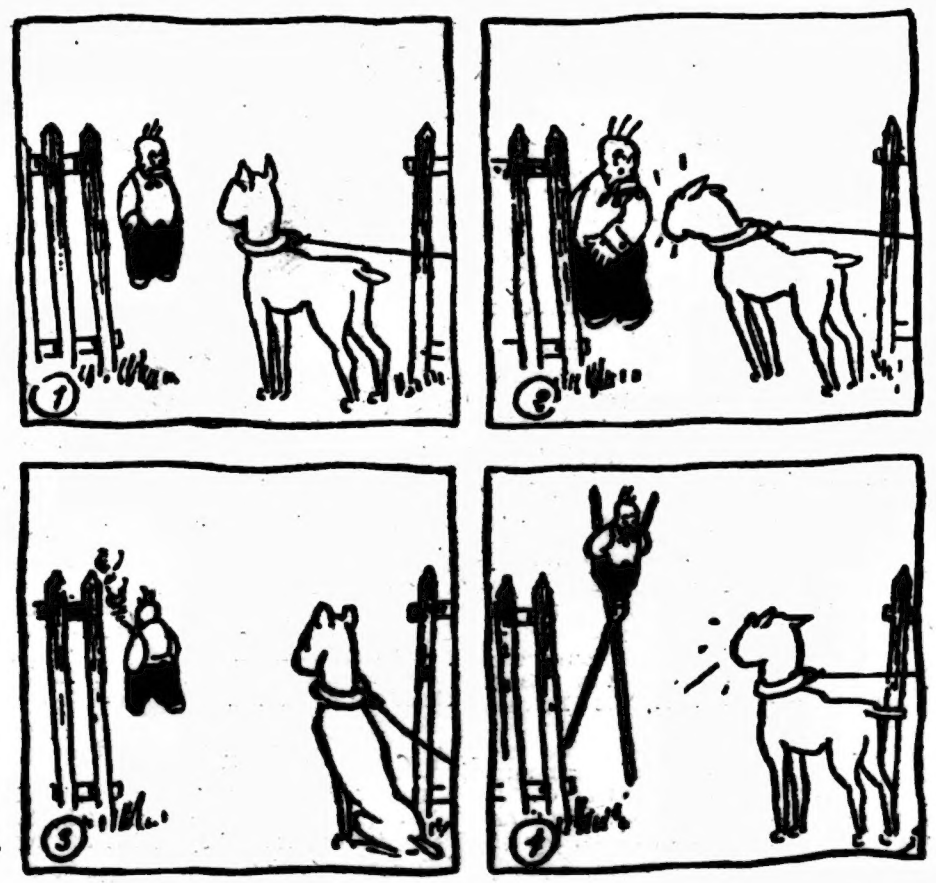
They mean business

The establishment of a trade board to control the wages and conditions of hotel and restaurant staffs is likely to be followed by a similar boon for shop-assistants.

A committee of the Trades Union Congress is now considering the matter, and the various unions concerned are following JOHN BULL's recent advice to hold Miss Bondfield to her promise to help them if they will help themselves.

We are confident that Mr. Leslie, the "live wire" of the National Amalgamated Union of Shop-Assistants, will not allow the grass to grow under his feet now that the ball is set rolling.

ADAMSON— —Rises to the Occasion



A KNOCK-OUT FOR DIVORCE

by The Man who Squares Triangles

—JUDGE J. F. McKINLEY

JUDGE J. F. McKINLEY was raised to the Canadian Bench at the remarkably early age of twenty-eight, and for ten years has presided over the Juvenile and Domestic Relations Courts at Ottawa.

His work there has made him, at thirty-eight, a world-famous figure. Courts modelled on his have been established in the United States, and the movement is now spreading rapidly in Europe.

He inspired Mr. Harry Snell, M.P., to introduce the Family Courts Bill into Parliament, and if it is passed we shall have courts on the lines of those at Ottawa.

"Inspired"

ALL the world has its domestic troubles. It is only in their treatment that countries differ. We in Ontario, Canada, for example, long ago decided that they merited their own special judicial machinery, and we accordingly set up our Courts of Domestic Relations.

Their unqualified success has more than justified them, and they are now amalgamated with our Juvenile Courts—with further success.

I have the honour to preside over one of these courts at Ottawa, and I am sure that what happens there has a universal significance.

The backbone of any nation is the home. If the home is not on a solid foundation then this is going to reflect on our child life.

If there is constant quarrelling in the home the child is obviously gravely affected and loses its respect for parents and everything that is sacred in the home.

It is my experience that a great many of the world's domestic difficulties arise over the discussion of money matters in some form or other.

The Domestic Court in Ontario has offered its services in budgeting for those unfortunate families affected financially, and advantage has been taken of its services.

It is often necessary for us, for instance, to call a meeting of the creditors of the family and explain the family situation to them, and tell them what the court would be prepared to do to reduce the indebtedness.

Eternal "eternal triangle"

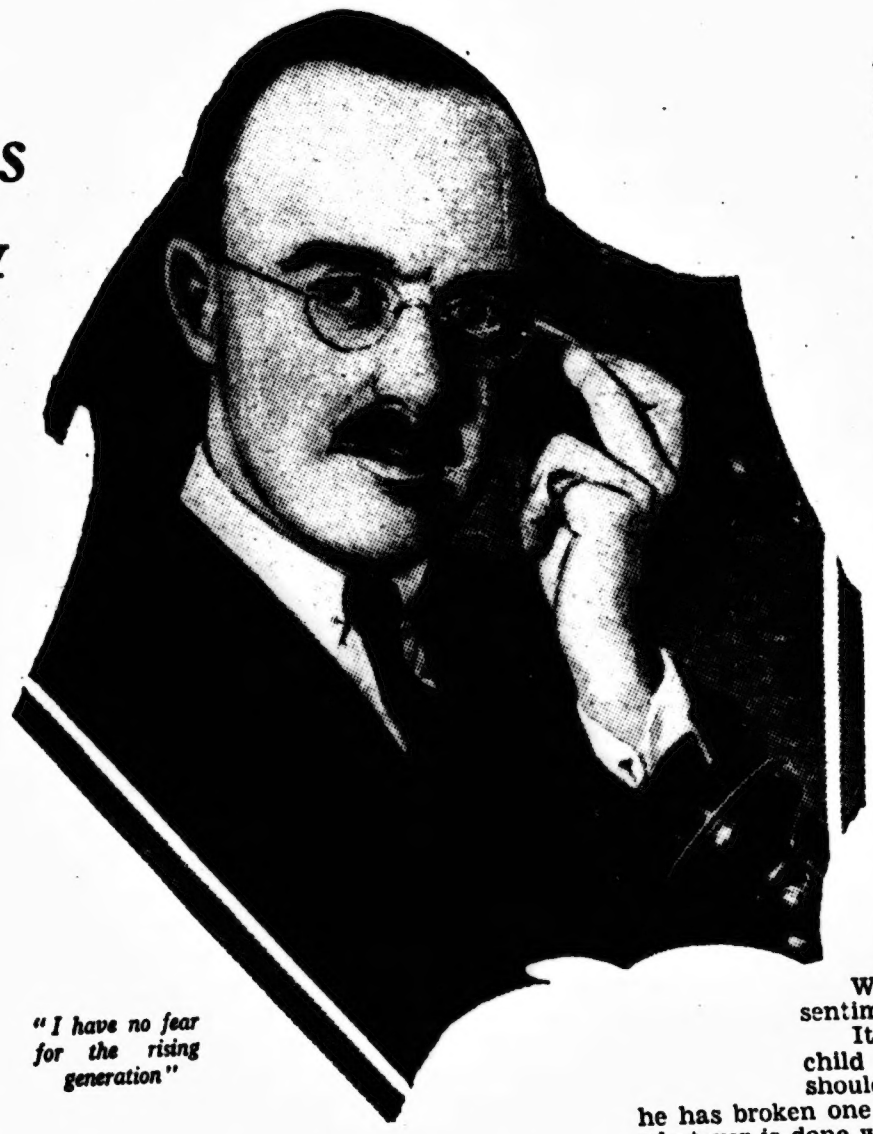
THERE is nothing compulsory about this on the part of the court. The family is allowed to accept or refuse the court's action, but when they see what assistance we can give them they are invariably anxious to co-operate with us.

All incoming revenue is deposited with the Probation Officer representing the court, who keeps detailed accounts of expenditure on the part of the family, and once a month a meeting is held and the progress reported and the future planned.

The net result of this experiment has been that in many instances where debts have been made the court is requested by the family to continue its offices.

Money troubles, however, are only one of the difficulties that stir up domestic strife. There is, quite naturally, that old, old problem referred to as the "eternal triangle"—the other man and the other woman.

There are too many men and women in this world—unhappily for themselves—who imagine that other people are blessed with better partners than they have.



"I have no fear for the rising generation"

In most cases they find no difficulty in discovering somebody who is prepared to advise them for purposes that are not of the best in the interest of the family life.

A woman should be careful on the arrival of her first-born not to have her husband feel that he must now take second place.

The wife, having hitherto given all her love and attention to her husband, diverts a considerable part of it to her newly-born child.

Saving the newly-weds

IN these cases the husband often finds another woman to restore his injured pride.

It is perhaps human. The woman tells him that his wife does not understand him, and offers him the type of sympathy and flattery to which a man is so easily susceptible.

Here I think is a type of case where a Domestic Court can do much good. I am sure a legal remedy could be enforced to prevent serious trouble arising.

Where a third party enters the home only one case in fifty shows that love has really been at the back of it. It is usually mean motives—injured pride, self-dissatisfaction, outraged personal feelings, and often sheer mischief-making.

And, on the other hand, the husband should be careful not to make his home a place where he merely sleeps and eats. The home is a common interest, and when a child comes it brings a soul to it that should inspire both man and woman.

Quite another influence to bring jealousy and strife into a home is the intrusion of family relations.

Newly married people very often find they have been married three or four years before they are allowed to lead their own lives. During this period nearly every word spoken is the echo of an utterance of some well-meaning, but badly advised, relative.

Newly-weds should be careful that they establish their own home, humble as it may be, and accept only in very extenuating circumstances the presence of such relatives within its four walls.

It is my experience in Ontario that the amalgamation of the Domestic Relations and Juvenile Courts has done much towards the solution of our child delinquency problem.

It is, in fact, often the appearance of a child delinquent before the court which brings to our attention that he has come from a home affected with domestic turmoil.

Lack of guidance is apparent. I will say that 90 per cent. of juvenile delinquency is due to disease, ignorance and neglect of parents. The other 10 per cent. is due to the misdirection of that surplus energy which every healthy child possesses.

But it should be remembered that the problem of raising children to-day is tenfold more difficult than it was twenty-five years ago.

Electric light, the telephone, movies, radio, motor-cars, aeroplanes, and all those things that are splendid and miraculous of this generation, have gone to excite child life. Children mature earlier.

We should beware of the sentimentalist.

It is my view that every child coming before the court should be made to realise that he has broken one of the laws of the country, whatever is done with its parents.

We should be careful always not to pamper him, but to bring him up short, in a full realisation of his offence.

As for the parents, they should be treated in the light of their responsibilities in bringing up their child, and punished just as if they themselves had committed an offence against society.

I am always suspicious of parents who say they cannot do anything with their offspring.

Yet I do not wish to discount their difficulties. A child is awake four thousand hours a year. School occupies one thousand hours. So it can be seen that the parents have three thousand hours to supervise to a greater or lesser degree in connection with their children.

But against this much is being done by various organisations to help parents. The Church particularly has done much to meet the changed conditions.

I, personally, cannot understand this indifference to the interests of our children.

We are told by experts that the economic value of a child to the community is about £2,000 during its childhood.

They'll do better

DOES this not represent a tremendous national asset?

Business men are very careful to insure their business assets fully, and the comparison of the amount spent yearly greatly exceeds the money spent in playgrounds and facilities to assist the younger generation.

I have no patience with those who cry that the world is getting worse, and wring their hands, asking what is to become of the future generation.

If we guard our home life and ourselves teach our children the things they ought to know, instead of leaving them to learn them at the street-corner, I have no fear as to what the rising generation will do.

The establishment of Domestic Relation and Juvenile Courts should be built round a fit and proper person. The qualities required of men and women in this work are sympathy towards the child on the road to man or woman hood, and a complete understanding of the nation's social life. There is no lack of such people in any country.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Don't Kill *that Dame!*

Dazed on Soft Drinks—Herbert, Take Care!—Another Cancer Prophet

VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, M.P.,
4, St. James' Square, London, S.W.

MY LADY,—You will be appalled to hear, though slow to believe, that in South Wales, where there is now scarcely any drink problem, the menace of gambling is growing more and more terrible.

Still more annoying to you will be the fact that most of the gambling takes place in temperance-bars.

Is it possible, my dear lady, that the old-fashioned inn was a more wholesome place of resort than the temperance-bar?

And would you perhaps better serve the cause of temperance in all things if you worked for the re-establishment of decent and commodious inns?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Transport

DEAR HERBERT,—Take care. You are in danger of handing yourself over bodily to the bureaucrats.

These new traffic recommendations are, no doubt, conceived in the best spirit. I hope, when complete, they will set the well-founded fears of motorists—and walkers—at rest.

But are we not in danger of being regulated to death?

Consider also that you may be putting more handicaps upon one of the few prosperous and promising industries which remain to us.

JOHN BULL.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON, K.C.V.O.,
Osidge, Southgate, Middlesex

DEAR SIR TOMMY,—Well, and so the long fight's over, and you will fight no more.

It has been a great adventure, and the whole world, but above all the British people, has admired your marvellous pluck and perseverance.

But I knew, and told you months ago, that the *Shamrock* could not win. The course selected by the New York Yachting Club is notorious for its light airs and variable winds.

There is no chance for a yacht which has been built to cross the Atlantic under her own sail.

If the New York Commodore wants a fair test, let the race take place at some spot, let us say near the Bermudas, to which both yachts must sail under true sea conditions.

And you will do British yachting a last service if you can urge that change.

JOHN BULL.

MUNICIPAL JUDGE LYLE,
Chicago

DEAR JUDGE,—I am delighted, even thrilled, to hear that you have started to fight the Chicago gangsters. But I trust that, having put your hand to the plough, you will not turn back.

It's a tough job—a man's job—and no company would now insure your life.

But you will deserve well of your city and your country if you wipe out this plague-spot which is their black disgrace.

N.B.—Travel in an armoured car.

JOHN BULL.

Lord BEAVERBROOK,
Cherkley Court, Leatherhead, Surrey

MY LORD,—You seem anxious to establish a dictatorship in England, and the other day the *Express* asked, "Who could be our Hitler?"

But, my dear simple gentleman, how astonished you would be if a dictator did actually pop up.

Don't you realise that though Hitler may be a danger to the peace of Europe, he is still more a danger to the peace of mind of capitalists, as well as Bolsheviks?

And if a Hitler arises in England, his first business would be to get rid of you. You *would* be surprised.

JOHN BULL.

CHAIRMAN OF THE BENCH,
Croydon County Police Court

SIR,—You had before you Percival Livingstone and his wife on the charge of cruelty to the latter's illegitimate child.

The poor thing was badly bruised about the body, and had red weals on the wrists, where the skin had been cut and had partly healed.

The female prisoner admitted that the child's hands were tied together when it was put to bed to prevent him injuring the wallpaper.

As a punishment for this diabolical cruelty, you merely sent the man to hard labour for one month, and bound over the woman.

For shame!

JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR,
Marylebone Borough Council, London

DEAR MR. JOSEPH,—I thought you were a sensible man. But perhaps you were overruled.

In that case, you must blush for shame at the folly of your council in suppressing that theatrical poster which bore the legend:

"Two answers to a maiden's prayer—
A latch-key and her first 'affaire.'"

Not very witty perhaps, but it brings in the name of the play advertised. And it is in no way offensive to decent minds.

Only in the minds of some of your councillors has "affaire" of necessity an immoral meaning.

And, of course, the modern girl wants a latch-key—and gets it. You can't wrap her in cotton wool.

Silly Marylebone!

JOHN BULL.

Lord MOYNIHAM, K.C.M.G.,
Royal College of Surgeons

DEAR DOCTOR,—I trust that the prophecies you made at the opening of the Banting Research Institute of Toronto will soon be fulfilled.

Especially do I sincerely hope that you are right when you ask us to expect a speedy solution of the cancer problem.

This dreadful curse has darkened so many lives. And so many times our hopes have been raised by false promises of a cure.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN,
Minister of Education

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—The action of the Hove Education Committee against local private schools brings to a head the whole question, which, as you know, I was first to raise.

Such sporadic action entails injustice. It is *you* must act—nationally—and secure the co-operation of your colleague the Health Minister.

As I have shown, the standard of teaching and accommodation in private schools is generally far too low.

But at present you and your officers have no right of supervision over the teaching, and cannot even enter a private school. You must get that right to inspect and supervise.

But you must inspect in order to improve, not to abolish. We don't want to be forced to send our children to the State school. And, indeed, some children need the individual care only possible in small classes.

The dame was a pioneer of education, and she still has her place in the school, and not merely in the museum. Help her, improve her. But don't kill her!

JOHN BULL.

Not from the B.B.C.—John Garland Pollard, Governor of Virginia, as—

SURE-SHOT *Blues*

GOVERNOR GARLAND POLLARD—
Yes, sir, that's my name;
Way down in ole Virginy
They all respect the same.

I'm not the guy to grizzle
When skies are looking grey,
Or talk of dissolution,
Depression and decay.

We paint the clouds with sunshine
And gloom we overthrow,
Way down in ole Virginy
Where the piccaninnies grow.

Yes, sir, I'll tell the woild we do! And I guess you might try the same here; for I've been reading what some of your newspaper guys have had to say about the Optimism Campaign in U.S.A.

When the bulls and bears of Wall Street took to wearing buttons telling the woild "Business is good," some of your Fleet Street boys began to snigger.

When they read that a bank in lil' ole Noo Yark had ordered 10,000 of these cheer-up buttons they remarked haughtily, "Fancy descending to such monkey-tricks!"

Yet I wouldn't be surprised if half the poor boobs who peddle this line in superior hot-air are suffering from chills caught through sitting too close to their overdrafts.

What made your superior City guys laff hardest of all was the story of how a thousand Amurkan business men, with yours truly at their head, buried in the Atlantic three coffined effigies representing Mr. Business Depression, Mrs. Pessimism and Miss Fortune.

I have been asked if this funeral service was actually held, and if I so far forgot my dignity as Governor to take part? The answer to both questions is "Yep." I was there, all right, and, what's more, I spoke a mouthful of funeral oration.

Of course, I guess it will need more than buttons and burials to bring back the good times.

But anybody who is not the middle and two ends of a sidewalk mutt knows that the present depression is as much due to psychological as to financial causes, and the first step toward getting rid of it is a changed outlook.

Bumper

Before handing me the scornful ha-ha, recollect that your own W. Shakespeare said: "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

Wal, this side of the herring-pond we are out to think good, and it's a goldarned pity some of your Dismal Jimmies don't try the same.

Tell me not with long-drawn chivvies
That the slump has come to stay;
Enterprise will still pay divvies—
Leastwise in the U.S.A.

Couéism won't work magic;
Grins alone won't sell your goods—
But much less will faces tragic
Regist'ring despondent moods.

Hand the frozen mitt to sorrow;
Nix on the defeatist stuff;
"Bears" may roar like "bulls" to-morrow—
Treat the Jeremiahs rough!

Fortune still awaits your wooing—
Pet and neck the dame, my son!
Atta boy! Be up and doing.
Cut out talk of being "done"!

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

J. A. R. CAIRNS: "Since the war youth resembles the cockatoo."

You forget your own youth. Or else you had no tail feathers.

* * *

SIR WILLIAM WATERLOW: "Our craftsmen are as good as those of any other country."

And they are all tending machines.

* * *

MRS. B. S. BARKER (Bristol): "If you are a good home-keeper, there is no better work in the whole world."

Bravo! If women would believe that, half our troubles would be over.

MAGGIE'S STAGGERING FIGURE

by A. G. GARDINER

THE Postmaster-General said the other night that even a Government of Archangels could not have saved the country from the desperate straits into which it has fallen.

I know nothing, and I think Mr. Lees Smith knows nothing, of the political capacity of archangels.

What is unfortunately clear to everybody is that the political capacity of the MacDonald Government has proved disastrously unequal to its task. Tried by the acid test of unemployment, its failure is catastrophic.

Let us look at a few facts.

The host of the unemployed was increased last week by 80,000. It amounts now to nearly two and a quarter millions.

Since Mr. MacDonald came into office little more than a year ago there has been an addition of a million—in other words, the unemployed have nearly doubled under the Labour administration.

By Christmas—

By general consent, we have not yet touched the bottom. It is openly predicted, even by members of the Government, that there will be three million unemployed before Christmas, and it is even regarded as possible that before the winter is over the total may be in the neighbourhood of four millions.

Consider the financial consequences of this.

The unemployment insurance fund is insolvent. Despite increased replenishments, it is borrowing from the Exchequer at the rate of £60,000 a week, or thirty-one millions a year. It is in debt to the State already to the extent of over £50,000,000.

Should the gloomy estimate of this winter be fulfilled, the fund will be borrowing at the rate of £80,000,000 a year. If this colossal drain continues, it is not only the insurance fund that will be bankrupt. The State itself will be bankrupt.

And remember that with this mountainous and increasing burden our capacity to bear it is diminishing. The revenue returns, in spite of increased taxation, are falling. They must continue to fall.

Study the company meetings and note the passing of the dividends on the last year's working. Conceive what the position will be when the results of this year's working are disclosed. And bankrupt business means a bankrupt Exchequer.

How has this desperate situation come about?

In part, of course, by world conditions. It is not we alone who are in the abyss. Every country, with the exception of France, which has two million immigrants to use or to send home, is in the same state.

"Her committee must report swiftly . . . act drastically"

The plight of Germany is worse than our own. There are five million unemployed in the United States. The condition of Australia we know. That of South Africa is little better.

Until this phenomenon passes and an equilibrium between commodities and prices is reached, there can be no improvement for us or for anybody. To-day the world is a unit. We sink or swim together.

But there are factors which are peculiar to our case. I will deal with one.

Let us take the case of the unemployment insurance system. Such a thing does not exist in the United States, nor in France.

Up to a certain point its effect has been invaluable It alone has kept the country stable through the long, black years of post-war depression. It has helped to raise the general standard of life and to banish abject poverty.

Really a "dole"

It is responsible for the amazing paradox that in years of unprecedented depression the people of this country are better fed, better clothed, even better housed than they have ever been.

But the scheme has got out of hand. It has ceased to be a system of insurance. With the extension of the "uncovenanted benefit," it has become a "dole."

We are creating a new "rentier" class, largely among the young—a class which is coming to look upon unemployment as its career and upon the State as the source of its supplies.

It contributes nothing to the fund from which it draws, and nothing to the natural productiveness which is the ultimate source of its income. It is a parasite upon labour. The employed pay into the fund, and the professional unemployed draw out.

I do not suggest that the uncovenanted benefit could be avoided, say, in the circumstances of Lancashire. But the lengths to which it has gone and the abuses associated with it are flagrant and scandalous.

The herring-girls from the North finish their seasonal job and go back on the "dole." Married women are discovering that, by taking occasional work, they can draw the benefit while at home, no matter if their husbands are in good work

Boys leave their jobs because it pays the family better for them to be at home on the "dole." The male hop-picker has ceased to go to the hop-gardens. The women and children go and he stays at home on the "dole."

New land lock

The harvesting of the past summer was disastrously affected by the same influence. Men would work long enough to make them eligible for benefit, and then find a means of being unemployed. The loosening of the test of honestly seeking employment has had deplorable results.

Not the least alarming development is that the "dole" has become a subsidy to industry. It is so in Lancashire. It is so in Coventry.

A man works a fortnight and is unemployed a week. He goes on the "dole" for that week and the industry is subsidised to that extent.

If this subsidy system is allowed, it must grow. It must become universal.

Agriculture, which is at present outside the insurance system, will come in and the farmer will discharge his men in the winter and leave the State to pay them their wages.

Why not? If one industry can have this privilege, all must have it.

And at the end the "dole" will become a universal subsidy that will hang like a halter round the neck of honest industry.

All this is the economics of Bedlam. Men in England are earning more by not working than men in France earn by working.

With such a handicap, how are we to compete with anybody, for in the end all this unproductive expenditure falls on industry, raises the cost of production, and makes it impossible for us to compete in the world markets.

Pays to be workless

What is to be done about it?

Something must be done. Even the Government is aware of that. It knows that the disease of professional unemployment is spreading like a cancer.

The enormous increase of recent weeks in unemployment is evidence of that. For that increase does not represent a real increase of unemployment only. It represents in large measure an increase of the business of being unemployed.

It pays to be unemployed.

That is an evil and ruinous fact—evil and ruinous, not only economically, but socially and morally. It must be cut out ruthlessly.

The committee of all Parties set up by Miss Bondfield to consider remedies must report swiftly, and Parliament must act at once and act drastically.

It must stop the endowment of boy idlers and review the "dole" problem from the point of view of the family as the unit and not the individual.

It must restore the most searching test of good faith and reconstruct the whole basis of insurance. For if we do not end the scandals of the "dole," the "dole" will destroy us, both economically and morally.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

G.B.S. and HOME INFLUENCE

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S outspoken revelation of his father's weaknesses has shocked some people. They feel that he has committed an offence against family loyalty by betraying to the world home troubles that most people keep secret.

A friend who is staying with me just now takes a different view.

"Shaw is right," he says. "Why conceal the truth? There are thousands of people who owe nothing to their parents except the memory of an unhappy childhood and a bad start in life."

The same man tells me that his own upbringing was not of a kind that he likes to dwell upon in retrospect. His father's idea of training a family was to keep the children in constant fear of punishment.

He exacted strict obedience to his commands, scarcely ever spoke kindly, sneered at every effort of the youngsters to bear themselves well in his presence.

It was a relief to them to be out of his way. He was nothing but a bully.

As a preparation for life nothing could have been much worse than the training given in that home.

* * *

The present Archbishop of York says that children are very imitative, and that what they imitate is the spirit rather than the words and deeds of their elders.

If you are vain and selfish your children are likely to be vain and selfish, despite the lofty sentiments you may profess before them; and nothing can be more damaging to a child's character than to render him timid and shrinking in his attitude to the world.

If you send him forth with what the psychologists have taught us to call an "inferiority complex" you have done him a lasting wrong.

* * *

On the other hand, the tendency nowadays is to be too weakly indulgent to children, and this from the absence of discipline may have equally unfortunate effects on character.

The daughter of the late Henry Arthur Jones, the distinguished dramatist, tells that on one occasion when she and her sisters were forlornly awaiting punishment from their mother for some childish misdemeanour, their father unscrupulously tried to bribe the youngest with sixpence to say that she loved him better than the mother; but the loyal little soul refused to be tempted.

They had a good, wise mother, whom they respected as well as adored.

There is the great secret. Can your children respect you for what in their hearts they know you are? If not, your love will not help them very far along the road of life.

The atmosphere of the home should ever be one of mutual love and confidence, of utter frankness and joy and goodness for its own sake, not for the hope of reward.

There should be no shadow of fear in it except the fear of doing injustice or causing pain.

This is the atmosphere wherein to grow the kind of manhood that the world most needs to-day.

Sensational Night Club Disclosures

Sir Chartres Biron at Bow Street Court heard a remarkable story

THE night-club menace has not been wholly swept away. We here reveal some exclusive facts showing how clubs are run by underlings who have to assume the sole responsibility in the event of a raid.

Recently a man named Thomas Andrew Ling, of Kingsway, London, W.C., stood in the dock at Bow Street Police Court, charged with selling liquor after permitted hours at a resort known as the Comique Club.

This club, which boasted well-appointed premises in Rupert Street, Soho, had been in existence for some time, and was well patronised by fashionable bohemians.

No loophole

The case for the prosecution was very complete. The club had been under suspicion owing to the disorderly conduct of visitors and the very irregular hours at which the resort was used.

Observation was kept by disguised police officers, who visited the club and saw drink being served in the small hours of the morning.

The club was invariably crowded, though exceptional precautions were taken to guard against official intervention.

Every visitor had to satisfy attendants at two locked doors before being admitted to the inner precincts, where a well-stocked bar, with drinks at fantastic prices, was to be found.

When the raid actually took place nearly fifty people were found drinking at 2 a.m. with abandon.

Ling, being in charge of the establishment, and, in fact, being registered at Marlborough Street Police Court as "club secretary" in accordance with the law, was held responsible for the state of affairs discovered by the police.

Invisible hand

Ling readily admitted to the police that he was the secretary, but strenuously denied that he was the proprietor.

He was, he said, only an employee, and the man who was actually controlling the venture was keeping well in the background while pocketing the lion's share of the illicit profits.

This explanation, true though it might be, did not affect the law.

A registered secretary of any such club is the person deemed responsible for any law-breaking indulged there.

"His victims are legion"—Originally behind the scenes, Russel O'Brien

Therefore the police had no alternative but to summon Ling for illicitly selling liquor at an undesirable establishment, and he appeared in due course before Sir Chartres Biron.

Although Ling again stated in court that he was only the nominee of a certain mysterious Mr. O'Brien, who had made himself scarce since the raid, this was no legal excuse and he was advised to plead "Guilty."

Ling was fined £120 and costs, but was unable to pay, and is now faced with a term of imprisonment if, when the few days' grace granted to him expire, the money is not forthcoming.

The general view may be that he deserved small sympathy for having dabbled in such a venture; but what of the other men concerned?

Let us trace the story back to the beginning.

Two years ago Ling lived with his wife and two young children in a flat near the river at Westminster.

The flood disaster which overwhelmed that district when the Thames overflowed its banks, causing a trail of death and ruin, engulfed his little home.

The Prince's visit

The two children were swept away by the raging waters in the bed in which they lay sleeping, and Mrs. Ling, in a frenzied effort to save them, was swept away also.

The children were saved, but the mother was drowned.

In addition to this bereavement, Ling also lost most of his home, and months later, when he was unemployed, received only a small grant from the relief fund—itself a scandal dealt with in these pages—as compensation for his loss.

Yet his devastated home was one of the first to be entered by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on his tour of sympathy.

He was then down and out, and the first suggestion of a change of fortunes came with an introduction to a man named R. E. O'Brien, a theatrical agent, with offices in Gerrard Street, London, W.

O'Brien, in addition to his widespread theatrical and investment businesses, mentioned that he was promoting the Comique Club in Rupert Street, and offered Ling the management of it.

Ling consented and, in so doing, became O'Brien's cat's-paw.

The position was that O'Brien, being financier and employer, directed the club just as he chose, finally leaving Ling to bear the responsibility of "dummy" proprietorship.

If the authorities will only take the trouble to investigate this case a little further they will soon find that O'Brien signed many of the cheques passed in connection with the club's business, and even to the end was much more in evidence than he cared to appear.

But that is not all.

O'Brien is a man who has twice passed through the bankruptcy courts, and who has been a great source of trouble to the police for years in more respects than one.

"Russel O'Brien," "James O'Brien," "R. E. O'Brien," "Leslie Isles," "Russell Vaughan" are but a few of his aliases.

Whether passing as a company promoter, theatrical agent or night-club proprietor, he has always lived idly at the expense of others less fortunate than himself, and many of his ventures have involved innocent investors in heavy losses.

Many, too, have been the dupes who, in return for mythical employment, have parted with every penny they possessed.

One grey-haired old man who was once in comfortable circumstances has been reduced to penury by this gifted Irishman's plausible tongue.

O'Brien's victims are legion, and although he was sent to jail some time ago for fraud, his career of misrepresentation has never once met with the full punishment it merits.

Draw that curtain!

Even companies of struggling theatrical artists sent on tour by this man as a means of obtaining money from other investors have been callously stranded.

Yet, through an employee, he can run an unwholesome night club and keep serenely behind the scenes when the law intervenes.

Something is surely wrong somewhere.

SLATER *is* SLATED

HUGH SLATER, of "Valetta," Hadlow, near Tonbridge, Kent, describes himself on his notepaper as a "publisher."

He certainly publishes circulars expressing his willingess to appoint one person in each locality to work at home to his instructions; but he is in the habit of asking applicants to send him 2s. 6d. in advance for "full instructions."

A copy of these instructions is before us now, and it reveals Mr. Hugh Slater, not as a publisher, but as an impudent fee-snatcher of a persistent type.

He would lead his misguided applicants for work to believe that they can win through to independence and wealth by following what he terms his "profitable schemes."

But most of his schemes involve the sending of further remittances to Slater, who is the only one likely to see much profit.

For 6s. 6d. he offers a dozen "Eastern Hand Charts" to enable his pupils to set up as fortune-tellers; for 30s. he will supply a gross of "Gipsy Queen Hair Curling Powder," and for varying prices he offers other "fast selling toilet lines."

He is willing to divulge "a Specialist's prescription" for rheumatism and gout for 1s. 3d., while formulas for corn salve and boot polish are recommended as "sure winners" and ready sellers.

Slater, we find, has also traded as Charles Rose and Co., from Station Approach, Horley, Surrey.

But the change of name does not indicate any change of methods. His offers then were precisely the same as now, which probably explains why he chose to flit to Kent.

His original circulars are grossly misleading and are calculated to entice unemployed men to send money that they can ill afford in the belief that there is a genuine prospect of obtaining employment.

A BAD-EGG MYSTERY

A PERSON named John Clempert, of Grafton Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, has been adding his own hot air to the bracing ozone of Skegness by offering "Siberian Mystery Envelopes" at a shilling a time.

His lure is that his envelopes contain a cheque for £1, but several of these interesting documents are before us now and they are not drawn upon any bank.

They are printed slips intimating that, "subject to certain conditions," Clempert will cash them.

The conditions are that the holder must first send a further 1s. to the Manchester address with a gummed addressed label and a stamped addressed envelope, in return for which he is promised "a parcel and something else free."

Then, and only then, Clempert will volunteer "particulars *when* cash will be sent to you."

Clempert is a dispenser of quack nostrums, some of which, to say the least, are of a questionable character.

He also sells "secrets," such as "how to keep eggs fresh," or "how to smoke without tobacco."

He has been at this fee-snatching game for years.

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS *from* SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

A LONG-RANGE Buccaneer

Judge Tobin once sought to interrogate Poiney—but couldn't find him

MY recent exposure of the activities of the Gordon Finance Corporation, of Chancery Lane, London, has aroused widespread interest.

One of the direct results is that sufferers from all parts of the country have co-operated splendidly by forwarding further information.

Thus I am now able to lay bare a fraudulent conspiracy of amazing magnitude.

I may be forgiven for reminding some of my readers that the principal of the Gordon Finance Corporation was a man named Conway, who was ably assisted by two unscrupulous people named Poiney and Beckett.

Many inventors

The fact that Conway fled from his London offices with the stated intention of spending some years in Italy ought not to deter the authorities from endeavouring to trace him and bring him back.

He has extracted an enormous sum of money from the public, and many of his victims can ill afford the loss of their savings.

I told in my previous article the experience of a South Wales inventor who had been cruelly twisted, and it is now apparent that inventors have been a favourite prey of the Gordon Finance Corporation.

One man, for example, who had produced two new toilet preparations, was assured by Conway that there was a great market awaiting them provided a public flotation was made to launch the project in the proper manner.

All that was needed as a sign of good faith was £75 towards "preliminary expenses," and Conway assured his client that he could soon interest financiers.

For several weeks after parting with his £75 the inventor received glowing reports that people were competing eagerly for the privilege of investing.

Presently prophecies gave way to excuses, until Conway finally confessed that his financier friends had behaved scurvily and had withdrawn their support owing to the "dull markets."

Still, he promised that all would soon be well as he was negotiating with a view to securing capital elsewhere.

Then, one day, the inventor met Conway in the street just as he was about to make one of his "business trips" to the Continent.

Conway was as confident as usual—everything, he declared, would be satisfactorily settled on his return.

Unfortunately he never returned, and the deluded client now has the disquieting knowledge that he is only one of many—indeed, another inventor was fleeced of £100 in the belief that a new engineering device he had perfected was to be "properly exploited."

In all, thousands of pounds have passed into the coffers of the Gordon Finance Corporation, which is only a cloak for William George Conway.

In some instances patent specifications and other documents of irreplaceable value have been lost by clients in addition to their investments. I know of one poor fellow who handed over everything he possessed to Conway and who has had to bear the stigma of bankruptcy as a result.

Towards the end, when disillusioned clients began to encounter one another at the Chancery Lane offices, Conway got his "chief of staff," one Charles Edward Poiney, to deputise for him.

Well-connected

In view of what I have discovered regarding Poiney I would say that he could scarcely have chosen a more suitable deputy.

In company with a Captain Joseph Norman Hall he once figured in an interesting case at the West London County Court.

A man called Lewis, who was associated with the Gold and Silver Mines Company of Mexico, came to this country to raise funds for further developments, and was introduced to Captain Hall.

Hall said he had influential friends anxious to finance sound undertakings.

One of these ostensibly "well-connected" friends turned out to be Poiney, who, with Hall, promised to put up £2,000.

They actually made out a cheque to the company for £1,000 and, exhibiting this to inspire confidence, persuaded Lewis to give them a cheque of his own towards preliminary expenses. After this the two financiers disappeared.

Poiney, I find, recently passed through the bankruptcy court, and was also mixed up with a bogus company called Anglo-Sardo Concessions, Ltd., which proposed to make fortunes from timber.

Actually, it extracted cash from investors, who were doubtless impressed by its lavish offices in Regent Street, London. Then Poiney and Hall repeated their disappearing trick.

Misery purveyor

During the more recent ventures at Chancery Lane clients have noted with due reverence the exquisitely framed pictures of Continental resorts that graced the walls.

The pictures were intended to create a good impression, but I have just heard from the man who framed them that he was never paid for his work, though he secured judgment in the City of London County Court.

"Whenever I went to the office to press for a cheque," he writes, "I saw poor men with misery written all over their faces, waiting in the hope that they would succeed in getting some return for their money."

One practice favoured by Conway to impress prospective dupes was to make an appointment in the lounge of the First Avenue Hotel, London.

He never stayed there, but impudently made use of its premises unbeknown to the management.

Amongst the recent callers was an agent for several Continental publishing firms which had accepted advertisements from the Gordon Finance Corporation.

Hotel headquarters

For Conway has not confined his plundering to this country; he has latterly advertised extensively abroad.

One advertisement, before me now, appeared recently in the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche*.

It states that the Gordon Finance Corporation, with headquarters at the Hotel Metropole, Brussels, will advance anything up to £500,000 to sound business propositions.

Yet it has no cash resources.

The reason why the agent for the Continental firms was making enquiries was because the newspapers concerned have received complaints from people who got into touch with Conway and his precious associates at the Brussels hotel.

The Continental angle of this swindle is bad enough, but I am more incensed by the thought that, with countless victims in this country, Conway can establish himself abroad and laugh at the law.

From the mass of evidence and complaints I have now accumulated I am convinced that an official enquiry into the operations of this bogus corporation is long overdue.

"With headquarters at the Hotel Metropole." Here it is in Brussels' Place de Brouckère

GRAY'S GOLDEN RAY

The Prince of Optimists

THIS week's prize for optimism must go to Mr. Russell Gray, of Princes Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

He rises superior to trade depression and big business collapses; he has a message of hope for all.

He is offering to make a profit of £250 within sixty days for anyone who will put his signature to a neatly printed card that he is now widely circulating.

That is to say, the client must agree to pay Russell Gray £25 a year as a regular subscriber for what he terms his "Financial Supervisory Service," if the sixty-day free trial proves satisfactory.

* * *

At first glance, the suggestion that the offer is made "without any obligation" might inspire confidence.

But it is really a heads-I-win-tails-you-lose proposition, since a client must presumably follow Russell Gray's investment advices for the full period of sixty days.

However, as we say, Russell Gray is full of optimism. He promises to make "many more thousands" for clients during the year.

He boasts of this "nation-wide contact with business leaders," and promises the "co-operation, analysis, vigilance and scientific management of a corps of experts who live in the investment world every minute."

* * *

It would be interesting to know where this "corps of experts" is to be found.

They are certainly not in evidence at Princes Mansions, where Russell Gray is to be seen in solitary state in a single room that he has occupied only for the last few weeks.

A footnote to one of his circulars intimates that a new book by himself will shortly be published, entitled "Is It Possible?"

We should say that anything should be possible to a man with Russell Gray's optimism—except perhaps the power to persuade us to share his own belief in his ability to make quick fortunes for others.

THIS IS THE MAN

WHO ORIGINATED THE SLOGAN

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

The Bennett College commenced its wonderful history in 1900, since when it has acted as Father and advised and helped into prosperity tens of thousands of men who would otherwise have remained in the rut. Our gigantic connection brings us into touch with all the big employers; therefore, although we do not undertake the work of an employment agency, we certainly do know where the demand exceeds the supply.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND MOST PROGRESSIVE CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE IN THE WORLD.

If you think you are in a rut, if advancement seems slow, or if your career is undecided or unsatisfactory, write to me, telling me your age, past experience, present employment, and anything else that might help, and I will tell you what chances there are; if they are suitable for you, and, if so, how you may obtain your objective. We have full particulars in connection with any of the following courses, or special courses can be combined to meet all requirements. We specialise in preparation for all examinations; most moderate fees, payable monthly.

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THE HUMAN MACHINE—Secrets of Success

Note Address Carefully:—

THE BENNETT COLLEGE
Dept. 31, SHEFFIELD.

Great Railway's SHABBY SHUFFLE

CRUELLY DISCARDED—

MR. and MRS. JAMES McCULLOCH, of Reather Street, Manchester, will soon be celebrating their golden wedding.

But it is likely to be a joyless anniversary. They are in the deepest poverty, and life has lost its savour for them.

There is the old-age pension, but after the rent of their cottage has been paid only a few coppers per day are left to them for the needs of life.

Thus have a splendid old couple been rewarded after half a century's devotion to duty.

And the circumstances by which they have been so reduced in the evening of their days seem deplorably unjust.

For fifty-four years Mr. McCulloch was a railway servant, thirty-five of them as guard of the great goods expresses of the industrial North.

Wife who waited

It is with justifiable pride that his wife mentions that in their half-century of married life she has seen her husband off to work more than 15,000 times, at all hours of the day and night.

Never once in his service was he even a minute late for duty, and never once did he return home without finding her waiting up for him with a hot meal.

So her contribution to the railway company has been no mean one.

The reward?

Three weeks before Mr. McCulloch was due to be discharged from his employment on reaching the age limit, he was crippled in a railway accident.

A train of which he was guard parted company with its engine and tender in Huddersfield Tunnel.

The mishap occurred on a falling gradient, and the train dashed down the slope, overtook the tender and bumped it.

Mr. McCulloch was thrown to the other end of his van, unconscious and severely injured.

Compensation was paid to him by the company for five months, at the rate of 30s. weekly.

Finished—

In the meantime he had, of course, "officially" left the service, and the company applied to have the payment stopped on the ground that his injury would not prevent him following any other work he could find.

Mr. McCulloch's doctor's report and that of the company's doctor were submitted to a referee, and the arbiter gave a decision against him—compensation ceased.

Before then, two doctors appointed by the company had examined Mr. McCulloch and found in his favour.

"Poverty after half a century's devoted service"—James McCulloch

Incapacitated, Mr. McCulloch, after a remarkable record of meritorious service, had to face the world penniless.

He has found two situations since, but in each of them has broken down after a few days because of his injury.

Mr. McCulloch's exit from industry has thus been even more bitter than his entry into it.

At the age of eight he began work in the coal-pits at Coatbridge, Scotland. So ghastly were working conditions then that he saw daylight only on Sundays.

Daily he had to go down the mine in the darkness of early morning, and come up, fifteen hours later, in the darkness of the next night.

Then he left Scotland to join the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, which was then coming to the zenith of its development.

He was only twelve years of age when, fifty-six years ago, he wore his first railwayman's uniform at Manchester.

That was when wagons were shunted and moved into the warehouses, not by horses or modern mechanical power, but by men and boys with mattresses of straw on their backs.

The working week was not forty-eight hours. It was eighty-four.

Mr. McCulloch was quickly promoted as a youth to the charge of a Lancashire station.

—AFTER LIFE-LONG SERVICE

He was station-master, booking-clerk, crossing-gate-keeper, signalman, porter and lampman all in one. His wage was 16s. 10d. per week.

Then, for a short period, he left railway employment and went back to the pits.

When he rejoined, it was to find that his brief break in the service would cost him dearly.

Bullion-train charge

Contributory superannuation and pension schemes had been introduced, but, because of the interruption and the age of entry which was fixed, he was ineligible to participate.

For thirty-five years afterwards, Mr. McCulloch was the guard of some of the greatest trains in the service.

He conducted year after year those 1,000-ton trains of 120 wagons, which nightly take the merchandise of Lancashire to the ports.

When a man was wanted for special duty, he was invariably chosen.

He took a famous bullion-train, with five wagons of gold bars, safely to its destination, was guard of the first special newspaper expresses ever run, and had charge of the morning mail-trains to the cities of the North.

Many millions of pounds' worth of goods were in his keeping during those fifty odd years.

Not a pennyworth of them was ever lost or mislaid, and never once was a wrong delivery made.

Nothing, Mr. Cramp?

Is it not monstrous that he should have been turned adrift after such a perfect record of service, with only a shoddy piece of paper on which a grateful company has *multigraphed* its appreciation?

Mr. C. T. Cramp, the industrial secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, of which Mr. McCulloch had thirty years' membership, has intimated, in effect, that nothing can be done.

We are not so certain.

Another cruel blow fell. Mr. McCulloch had been a contributor to an organisation called the London, Midland and Scottish Railway Employees' Provident Levy Society.

He expected, on retirement, to receive at least £100 from this society. Now has come an intimation that it has gone into liquidation, and there is nothing for him.

We ask—

To obtain medical attention for his injury, Mr. McCulloch has had to enter a poor-law infirmary.

It is with some hope that we ask Sir Josiah Stamp, the president of the executive of the L.M.S. Railway, to call for reports upon the treatment of this old and crippled servant of his company.

Meet JACK-IN-THE-BOX *Jackson!*

A CLEVER "advance manager" is touring the country just now under the pretence of performing urgent preliminary missions for big business houses opening up branches here, there and everywhere.

At Stafford, a few days ago, in the name of G. W. Jackson, he called upon a firm dealing in lorries and motor accessories.

With perfect self-confidence and business-like dignity, he announced that he was an important official in the employ of a well-known company in the West Country, and had been entrusted with the task of opening up a depôt at Rugeley, Staffordshire.

His credentials appeared to be in perfect order, and there was added faith placed in his remarks in view of the fact that the site he mentioned as having been purchased for the new depôt had recently changed hands.

Having thus gained implicit trust, Jackson gave a large order, embracing tyres, mackintoshes, and motoring goods of all descriptions.

Stocking the bulk of these into his waiting car, he handed in a cheque for £45, and instructed the warehouse manager to retain the remainder for a few days, when further directions would be forthcoming.

The firm, delighted at the prospect of having so "live" a business on its list of clients, thanked the genial Jackson for his promise of considerable business to come, and wished him a sincere *au revoir*.

Alas! his cheque, which was drawn upon a bank of Croydon—where he was supposed to have a business of his own—was returned dishonoured.

He had no right to use the account there.

But this sorry development did not occur until after Jackson had paid a second visit to the warehouse, and had succeeded, on a plea of unexpectedly heavy expenditure over the new depôt, in securing the loan of a considerable amount of ready cash to "tide him over" until a cheque arrived from his firm in Bristol.

The "I.O.U.," of course, met with the same fate as the cheque, and Mr. Jackson has not been seen since.

We happen to know that the passing of worthless cheques and the "opening" of depots in the name of reputable firms has been a playful and profitable little pastime of Jackson for some time past.

THAT SHED YOU NEED!

From 6/5 Per Month Paid. 1st Payment

For storing Coal, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage Paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections. 5/8-in. planed, moulded, rebated weather boards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

Long Wide High	Cash	or 6 Payments of	or 12
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ZIPP TOP-OPENING BAG
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Real Morocco lined moirette. Mirror, zipp pocket with two outside pockets, outside handkerchief pocket. Embossed design. Various colours. Size approx. 10" x 7". 7/11 from Boots Gift Departments or 8/- post free from Boots, Nottingham.

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BUY YOUR HAND-BAGS AT BOOTS
BETTER VALUE AT LOWER PRICES ALWAYS

WANTED

One hundred persons (either sex) who have the ambition to earn a nice sum from now until Christmas in their spare time.

Would you like some crisp £1 notes to spend just as you please? Then, if you are enterprising, you can have the thing you so much want this very Christmas by selling Private Christmas Cards to your friends and acquaintances. This is the way. Address a postcard to us asking for one of the beautiful Sample Books. This book and full particulars will be sent you by return of post, quite free of charge. Perhaps you have had experience as an agent in previous years. If so, you will realise that a back number in Sample Books is useless to an enterprising agent. Our productions are miles ahead of all competitors. Get a real, live, money-making book, filled from cover to cover with irresistible designs—hand-painted, celluloid, jewelled, calendars, and novelties in unsurpassed variety. This beautiful new edition-de-luxe is acknowledged by experts to be far ahead of anything previously issued. No risk. No outlay. Remuneration most generous, and many valuable prizes in addition.

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ONE WEEK ONLY!

To advertise this complete bale for 20/-

2 Woolly Blankets
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All double bed size.
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6! NOW GRAVES UNRIVALLED VALUE.

THE GRAVES "ROYAL SLEUTH"

Simple - Speed cycle meets the biggest step in price reduction since the War.

10 Years' Warranty. Complete Approval.

DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES.
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RENOLD CHAIN, HALF-INCH PITCH.

Frame is rust-proofed, enamelled Black & Cream lined (or All Black if desired). Ladies' or Gent's Model same price. Carriage Paid. £4.10.0

TERMS: 6/- with order, and 6/- Monthly.

Catalogue Post Free. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

PLAYER'S "DIGGER" SHAG

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DIGGER HONEY DEW
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7½d. PER OUNCE

3¾d. PER HALF OUNCE

The Largest Sale of any Empire Grown Tobacco

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WISDOM *from a* MURDERER

Sir Sidney Pocock: "I firmly believe . . .

THE question of crime and punishment will, I suppose, agitate thinking people as long as the one exists and society imposes the other in an effort to protect itself.

Sir Sidney Pocock, J.P., for many years a visiting magistrate to H.M. prisons, has raised the whole question afresh by one single paragraph in his rather sketchy little book, "The Prisoner and the Prison."

Speaking of Browne, one of the murderers of P.C. Gutteridge, he says:

"I firmly believe if Browne's punishment for previous offences had been less severe and with more of the human touch in it, he would never have come to the bad end that he did."

If that is true, it is a disturbing thought It raises in an acute form the question of the efficiency of the prison system

It flings back in our faces our pretension that our system of punishment in any way reforms the criminal. It lays the whole prison system, in fact, under the stigma of savage retribution.

Mr. Fenner Brockway, M.P., in his book, "A New Way with Crime," is very blunt about it.

A *tuppenny pencil*

"Reform is hampered and limited," he says, "by the fact that it is trying to function within the walls of an old system—a system which means something different, which means primarily not reform at all, but punishment.

"And if you set out systematically to put the one thing first you cannot make the other your main result. . . .

"Quite definitely the will to punish stands in the way of the will to reform: society cannot have its glut of the one without abandoning or modifying its demand for the other."

And the definite "will to punish" was forcibly illustrated a little time ago, when a man was sentenced at the Worcester Quarter Sessions to three years' imprisonment for stealing a twopenny pencil.

I know, and you know, that it is wrong to steal—but how many thefts are the result of the alternatives of stealing or starving?

When a man has not had a square meal for days, when his home is a reeking slum, his clothes filthy rags, and he sees his wife and children pining away in want and squalor, he is apt to look on the question of stealing in a different light from those of his fellows who are well housed, well clothed and well fed.

It is easy enough to condemn the criminal for unsocial acts; but society is the super-criminal so long as it permits itself to be organised on an unsocial basis.

Crime is not so much the failure of the individual as the failure of society.

Once that point is clearly grasped, the question of punishment or reform becomes of some real importance.

If to-day we are witnessing a serious increase in crimes against property, whose fault is it?

Is it primarily the fault of the individual, half-mad with a burning sense of social injustice, or the fault of society for condemning millions of its citizens to live under conditions that could not more effectively foster crime if they had been deliberately designed to do so?

It was, I think, Mr. G. K. Chesterton who once put the matter in a single sentence.

"If," he said, "you want people to respect property, give them some property to respect."

They steal because—

We can agree—can we not?—that if we only had the sense to reorganise society on a firmer and juster basis, that the removal of inequality and injustice would go far towards the removal of crime and the causes of crime.

People do not steal if they already have enough.

". . . Browne would never have come to the bad end that he did"

We could, too, remove an immense potentiality of crime if we seriously tackled the alarming increase in the breeding of degenerates.

At the Liverpool Assizes, Mr. Justice Roche had before him a labourer charged with an offence against a thirteen-year-old girl. The girl was an imbecile; the labourer was mentally deficient.

"There seems little to be said," remarked his lordship, "for not sterilising or shutting up these feeble-minded people who are prone to this sort of thing."

"Very blunt about it"—Mr. Fenner Brockway, M.P.

Considering that there are at least 30,000 people who are feeble-minded and "prone to this sort of thing," and that they are increasing at the rate of 7,500 every year, there is not much doubt that prison is a singularly feeble remedy.

We need, in fact, a new outlook on both crime and punishment. Prison is supposed to be a deterrent; but figures do not support that view.

The most recent returns show that 64 per cent. of the male prisoners and 87 per cent. of the female prisoners have been previously convicted.

Labour colonies

They show further that 7 per cent. of the men and 32 per cent. of the women have been convicted *more than twenty times!*

It rather makes one wonder how many Brownes we are busily breeding among our prison population.

What, on broad lines, ought we to do?

I think that, first of all, we should extend the principle of probation to its very limits. It is already a proved success, and much more extensive use should be made of it.

We should also seriously consider abolishing prisons as we know them now, and substitute labour colonies, in which men and women could be taught to do useful, self-supporting work under conditions that would engender self-respect and the germs of citizenship.

Since the Prison Commissioners themselves have, from time to time, admitted that imprisonment has no reformative effect on the greater part of the prison population, it is time we tried something else.

For I do not see how we can escape the cold logic of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

"If you are to punish a man retributively," he said, "you must injure him. If you are to reform him you must improve him. And men are not improved by injuries."

Even if we did all this there would still remain a residuum of crime that no ordinary method could treat.

There would still be the "wild beasts" of society against whom protection must be secured. What of them?

It is surely possible to isolate them as we now isolate the lunatic?

And we can do it just as soon as we care to recognise the desirability of ceasing to treat crime emotionally as a sin and treating it instead scientifically as a disease.

We have a guide

Sir Sidney Pocock has clearly an uneasy conviction, born of long experience, that prison is useless except as a punitive force, and that it is, at its worst, a definite breeding-ground of incorrigible criminality.

I think he is profoundly right, and I think it is time we took the signal success of Borstal with young offenders as a guide to our treatment of the adult criminal.

The Human Machine

What Can You Do?

A VIRTUE of which this age could do with more is self-reliance. Individually, and, therefore, nationally, we are drifting into dependent habits of mind and thought. We expect things to be done for us, and shirk doing them for ourselves.

"There is a time in every man's education," said Emerson, "when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance and that imitation is suicide: that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground that is given him to till.

"The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, *nor does he know until he has tried.*"

What is quite certain is that no man knows the limits of his powers. In every man there are reserves of mental strength—and beyond them more reserves.

NO man can hope too much—nor dare too much. No man knows but that he will be the next to reach the stars at which he grasps.

But we must work firmly on the conviction that power is born within ourselves, and that we ourselves are our own best helpers.

It is not egotism to know and believe in our own work: it is the first essential step towards doing something worth while in the world, the spur to effort and the goad to ambition.

No one was ever any worse for sitting down quietly and asking himself: "What can I do that no one else can? What does the world need that I can give?" For the answer to those questions is the only way to fix a course through life, to achieve a purpose and an aim, without which we are just so many spoon-fed drifters.

'I get a new pair of stockings every fortnight ... *and they cost me nothing!*'

"MY DEAR, you can do it too. You merely change over to 'Private Seal' Cigarettes, and you need never pay another penny for stockings all your life! You see, they put six coupons in every packet of twenty, so you get each pair—real silk or artificial—in a third of the ordinary time. Jack helps me collect—and he says he never wants to smoke better cigarettes than 'Private Seal'!"

FREE *for coupons from* **13** *packets of* 20 '*Private Seal*'

Artificial Silk Stockings. Manufactured from Courtauld' 200-denier Dulesco yarn; full length panel; made on fine guage machines; specially reinforced to ensure hard wear; wash splendidly. Colours available: Florence Mills, New Gunmetal, Paris Nude, Stone-marten, Duskee, New Brown, Omar, Black, or any other popular colour on request. *Ask for gift No.* 4.

FREE *for coupons from* **25** *packets of* 20 '*Private Seal*'

"Beauty of England" Pure Silk Stockings—a sheer delight to wear, the finest silk, specially reinforced for hard wear. Colours as above. *Ask for gift No.* 3.

Private Seal

CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES

(also plain)

6 COUPONS WITH EVERY 1/- PACKET OF 20

3 *coupons with every* **6d PACKET OF 10**

POST THIS COUPON FOR FULL LIST OF GIFTS IN COLOUR

Magnificent Gramophones, Records, Cameras, Table-ware, Handbags, Wireless Valves and dozens of other free gifts—all to be had in one-third of the ordinary time! Fill in the coupon and get the 'Private Seal' Book of Gifts *to-day*, and six FREE Coupons.

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

A Megaphone for a SPHINX

A VAST financial Sphinx to-day holds in its power the future of a huge section of British industry and of hundreds of thousands of workers whose employment hangs upon its nod of approval.

The name of the Sphinx is the Bankers' Industrial Development Company, which was formed early this year as the greatest combination of financial interests ever known in this country.

It was formed under the chairmanship of Mr. Montagu Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, with the blessing of Mr. J. H. Thomas, the then Minister for Unemployment.

Its object was to organise a tremendous drive whereby the City would help to put depressed industries of Great Britain on their feet, and eventually assist in finding work for the skilled people who have been standing idle while the factories which once employed them have been struggling to adjust themselves to the changed conditions of a post-war world.

Its formation was hailed as the greatest step ever taken to assist industrial reorganisation. Leaders of great companies which had for years been fighting with adversity took fresh heart at the announcement, and believed that at last they were to receive support which would enable them to solve their problems.

Terribly hard rule

MOST of them are still waiting. Many, faced by the silence of Mr. Montagu Norman and his associates as to the terms on which assistance will be forthcoming, have lost heart.

Recently the veil of mystery was lifted slightly by Lancashire cotton leaders, who launched a bitter attack on the Bankers' Industrial Development Company for its refusal to give them the assistance they had expected in reorganising their companies.

The information obtained in consequence of this attack is, unhappily, mainly negative.

The Bankers' Industrial Development Company refused to support one of the amalgamation schemes suggested by the cotton trade, because part of the money asked for would be utilised to make payments to creditors and other interests.

It appears that the bankers are only prepared to provide money which will be actually used for the re-equipment of mills and for working capital. They will not provide funds which will enable fairly prosperous companies to be bought out and amalgamated.

In laying down this rule, the Bankers' Company is probably absolutely correct, although the Lancashire critics declare that assistance on such terms is worse than useless to an industry such as theirs.

Supporters of the banks' policy declare that if funds were provided to pay out shareholders or creditors there would be less for re-equipment or working capital, and the reconstructed concerns would have to carry a burden of unproductive capital.

Big stuff only?

FAIRLY prosperous concerns which agree to come into an amalgamation scheme should, it is urged, be willing to accept, as their portion a larger shareholding in the new company than concerns which are in financial difficulty, instead of demanding actual cash payment.

They will thus eventually benefit most from the success which follows rationalisation.

These principles have determined the financial adjustments in the Lancashire Cotton Corporation, formed some time ago with the assistance of the Bank of England, and now the largest merger concerned in Lancashire.

They also governed the merger of five Lancashire coal, iron and steel companies into two new concerns known as the Wigan Coal Corporation, Ltd., with a capital of £1,746,555, and the Lancashire Steel Corporation, with a capital of £5,750,000.

"Mr. Montagu Norman . . . should have equal courage now"

This latter merger took place in May of this year, with the assistance of the Bankers' Industrial Development Company, which arranged to supply fresh capital to the amount of £1,750,000. As the price of that assistance the Bank of England demanded the right to select the directors of both concerns and to maintain control of both of them for a period.

Only the protest of the Lancashire leaders has, however, brought even this much information to light.

Industrialists now know what type of schemes the Bankers' Company will not support. But they are as much in the dark as ever as to the type of rationalisation scheme of which it is likely to approve.

This cloud of mystery must be blown away. Otherwise a movement which has probably more possibilities of economic good than any other financial development of this age will come to nothing. And that may mean commercial ruin.

To understand the matter it is necessary to recall the events leading to the formation of the Bankers' Industrial Development Company.

For some years past many concerns in the depressed industries, and especially in coal, steel and cotton, have been kept going by increasing bankers' loans.

This could not go on eternally. A point comes at which lending must stop. If, however, pressure had been applied to recover what had already been lent it would have meant bankruptcy on a wholesale scale.

A policy of "squeezing" by the banks might therefore have had disastrous effects right throughout British industry.

The power of the Bankers' Company is boundless. The nominal capital is £6,000,000, but with shareholders consisting of forty-four great banking-houses the total reserves run into hundreds of millions.

The approval of the company's advisers and directors to any reorganisation scheme means that all difficulties of finding the necessary finance are immediately solved.

Enormous power

BUT if they do not approve, the industrial leaders concerned can give up all hope of receiving financial backing. Formerly, if one group of bankers would not support a scheme, other groups could be approached.

Now there is no such possibility. The Bankers' Industrial Development Company has complete power.

Such power brings with it an enormous responsibility. Above all is the responsibility to make absolutely clear to industry what principles are being followed, so that those who wish to rationalise may know what methods they should adopt.

The bankers should make sure also that their advisers have not laid down too rigid a formula for judging schemes proposed to them.

The cure for all industrial ills is not the same. There must be latitude in deciding what is best for each industry.

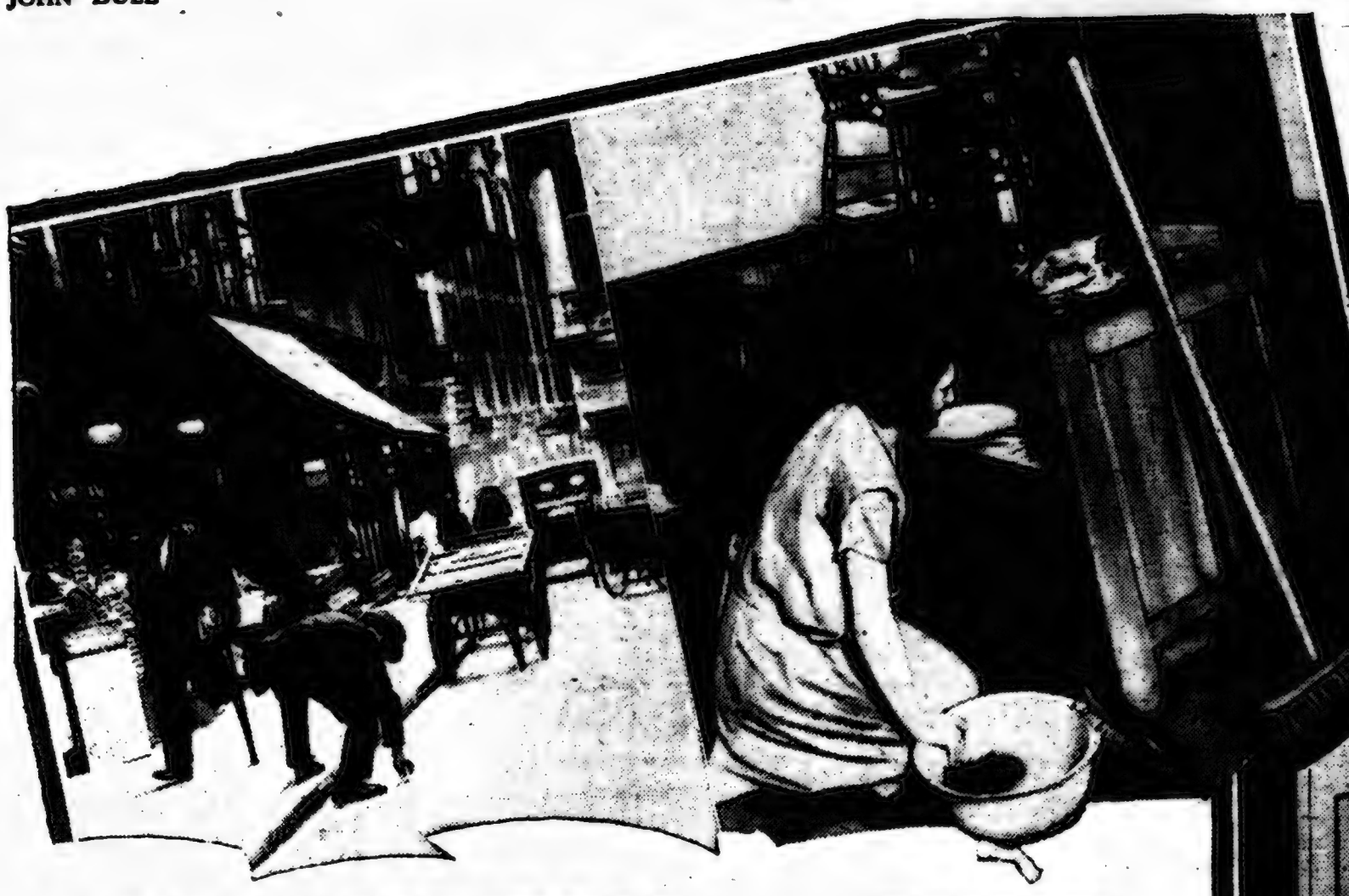
Especially important is it that industrial leaders who have great experience should not be made to believe, perhaps wrongly, that their judgment and advice will be reckoned as nought compared with that of financial experts.

A return to prosperity demands co-operation between finance and industry, not domination of industry by finance.

Mr. Montagu Norman did a great thing when he had the courage to depart from all banking precedents in forming this Development Company. He should have equal courage now in casting aside the old tradition of secrecy, and in coming out into the open.

Only so will industrialists be given confidence, and reorganisation carried through at the speed which is necessary if we are to regain our former position in world commerce.

Clue SCA



Scraps of paper picked up in the street have provided clues that led to criminals' conviction

There was a story behind the benevolent person's weakness for charwomen

THOUGH there are always countless wiseacres who advance theories and criticise the police in unsolved criminal cases, it is rarely that anything is conceded in the law's successes.

Most people are content to accept an arrest in a sensational case as a matter of course.

They scarcely realise that the particular crime in question might have been added to the long list of unsolved mysteries but for the existence of some slender clue.

Yet we propose to show, by recording the elucidation of numerous big cases, that it is the little clues that count.

Trifles which might have seemed insignificant to untrained minds have repeatedly enabled our skilled detectives to send offenders to the gallows or to long terms of imprisonment.

One of the last murderers to hang through a seemingly trifling clue was James Robinson. His brutal murder of Minnie Bonati, whose dismembered remains were found in a trunk at Charing Cross Station, London, will still be fresh in the public memory.

Cryptic letters

The police traced the shop at which the trunk had been purchased, and established the fact that the murder had been committed in Robinson's office at Rochester Row.

But while they were practically satisfied that he was the murderer, there was nothing sufficiently tangible in the way of evidence to justify arrest.

One night, at a conference between the leading officers in the case, all the exhibits were carefully reconsidered.

A blood-stained duster that had been in the trunk, and which ordinarily would not have been tampered with until a jury had seen it in the condition in which it had been found, was one of the grim items produced.

Microscopic examination had produced negative results; but suddenly one detective suggested that it should be carefully washed in the presence of several witnesses on the off-chance of it yielding some unsuspected clue.

This was done. One edge of the duster was found to be marked with the cryptic letters G——y H——d.

The duster had evidently been marked with some name, but these four letters, spaced out as shown, were all that now remained.

The duster dooms

Who would trouble to mark their name on a duster? Only someone using dusters in large quantities—an hotel or a public-house.

On this basis it was argued that the words indicated might possibly be "Grey Hound," and as no pains must be spared when a murderer is to be brought to justice, all divisions were instructed to make enquiries at any Grey Hound hotel or public-house in their areas.

As a result, it was found that dusters of that type had been in use at a hostel in South-West London.

Subsequent enquiries revealed that a woman Robinson had bigamously married, and who was then living with him in South London, was employed at the establishment in question.

She it was who had originally taken the duster home, and Robinson in turn had taken it for use in his office, and had thrown it thoughtlessly into the trunk at the time of the murder.

The washing of that duster by the police sealed Robinson's doom!

Consider the case of Ronald True, now in Broadmoor Asylum for the brutal murder of Olive Yates at a flat she occupied in Finborough Road, Kensington.

When the police were called in nothing could be discovered to indicate the identity of the man or men who had obviously visited the flat on the previous night.

It was true that the woman's jewellery was missing, and there was a remote possibility that it would be pawned in due course, but even then it was by no means certain that the missing articles would be traced.

So the police started at the beginning of a blank trail by combing the West End haunts which the dead woman might have frequented in her lifetime.

Amongst the numerous people questioned was a woman friend of Miss Yates, who had been in her company on the previous night.

She recalled that Miss Yates had been wearing her jewellery, and she was able to describe in detail one beautiful diamond ring.

This woman also knew of the other's association with various men-about-town, but could only specify one, who passed as a major, and whose name she gave.

Writing on the wall

Her description was of the vaguest, though she said he had a chauffeured car, which he garaged "somewhere" in the Bayswater neighbourhood.

With this none-too-hopeful start, Scotland Yard gave instructions to the London police divisions to have enquiries made at all garages.

At last, when it seemed that this concerted search would yield nothing, a message was received from a Kensington garage to the effect that two men, one of whom approximated to the vague description given, had taken a car there a day or two before after a breakdown.

Detectives hurried to the scene and interviewed the proprietor, who could tell them little save that the man had asked to use the telephone.

The detectives inspected the instrument, and noticed that a telephone number had been pencilled upon the wall just above it.

That telephone number was to prove the vital clue in tracking down the murderer of Olive Yates!

Having found the number to be that of a Kensington subscriber, a visit was made to a very fashionable flat, but the highly respectable, grey-haired lady who opened the door did not seem to fit in with a murder investigation at all.

However, drawing a bow at a venture, the detective boldly asked for the major whose name had been given by the dead woman's friend.

The gamble was justified, for the lady promptly replied that he did not live there, but came occasionally with a Major True.

A tactful question elicited the address of the garage where the car used by these men was usually kept, and a visit to this garage led to the discovery of the car itself.

One of the men—both of whom had left the garage to obtain refreshment—had left a coat lying in the car, and an examination of the pockets brought to light a pawn-ticket for two rings pledged the day after the murder for £25 in the name of True.

Beard clue

The rings were identified as belonging to the dead woman, and the actual owner of the car was able to give the police information that led them to several tailors' shops near Piccadilly.

At one it was found that a man named Major True had bought a ready-made suit, and worn it on leaving, taking his old one in a parcel; but his movements after that were unknown.

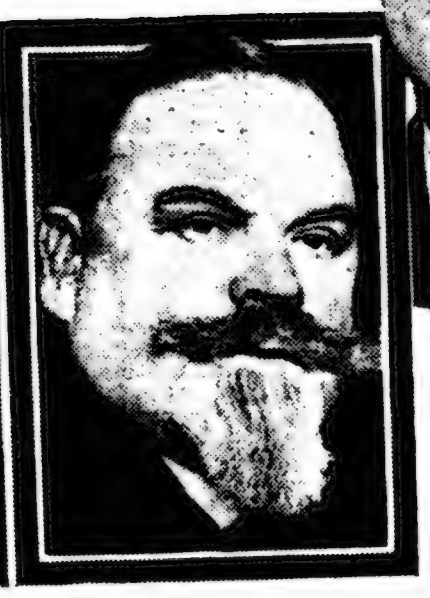
Then somebody had a sudden inspiration.

Major True was described as unshaven when he called at the shop.

Clues that Lead to the SCAFFOLD

his coups with the cunning of the expert, but he left some "dead" matches on the floor . . .

Expert handwriting clue-finder, Inspector Yandall



A walking-stick enabled Chief Inspector Berrett to track down a murderer

He listened to story the hol told—Chief Insp Prothero

Inspector Steele carries away the blood-stained clothes of Ronald True

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so every hairdresser in the vicinity was visited until True's movements were traced to an establishment, where he had not only been shaved, but had left his parcel of bloodstained clothes.

The chain of evidence was thus complete.

But until that scrawled telephone number was noticed upon the garage wall the police had been beaten!

A clue in a million clinched the conviction in the Gutteridge murder. Microscopic examination of an empty cartridge-case left in the abandoned car revealed peculiar markings, obviously caused by the revolver which had fired it.

Tell-tale hobnails

Every revolver which came into the hands of Scotland Yard was closely examined, but not one could have caused those markings.

A deadlock was reached.

Then Browne was arrested on another charge and one of five revolvers found in his possession betrayed him. It was proved to be that which fired the fatal shots!

One of the most amazing clues which ever secured a murderer's arrest consisted of several hobnails found by Chief Inspector Prothero and Detective-Inspector A. Sprackling amongst the charred remains of a labourer's boot near the scene of a murder.

Patient enquiry at every cobbler's shop for miles around was eventually rewarded by the discovery that a pair of boots studded with nails of this particular type had been sold to a man who was already under suspicion.

A search of this man's cottage led to the finding of an odd boot. The owner could not produce its fellow, and at last confessed that he had burned it because it had been badly bloodstained.

So we could go on.

A walking-stick left at the scene of the crime enabled Chief Inspector Berrett to clear up the sensational taxi-cab murder case at Brixton, London, some years back.

Vaquier, the Frenchman, was hanged for the murder of a Byfleet hotel proprietor through the identification of a bottle in which a chemist had sold poison, though Vaquier had taken the precaution of sterilising it.

Podmore, recently executed for the Southampton garage murder, was "caught out" by the impression on carbon duplicating-paper he had used.

Another unusual clue which led to the execution of two burglars who had murdered a householder was the wick of a child's toy lamp that they left behind.

There was no evidence until an examination of the wick showed it to be improvised from a fragment cut from a child's vest.

A mutilated vest of the same material being found at the men's home, their fate was sealed.

Small clues can be equally significant in every branch of crime detection.

One outstanding case is that of a super-cracksman who brought off hundreds of coups before he was finally captured.

Although he was careful never to leave a single fingerprint, he invariably left behind characteristic evidence.

Cracksman's red-tops

He always worked by a fragment of candle—just long enough for the "job" in hand—and would strike innumerable matches as he moved about the house, blowing them out almost immediately so that there should be no continuous light, and scattering them freely upon the floor.

The fact that these matches were always of the same unusual make and had red tops presented the only thing that could be regarded in the nature of a clue.

One day, a stranger, seen carrying a heavy bag in the vicinity of recent burglaries, was casually followed by a police officer. By chance he paused to light his pipe, using several matches which he flung away with a careless air.

The officer saw at once that they were of the same make as those always found after visits of the super-cracksman, so he ran in the stranger on suspicion.

The suspicion proved well founded. It was the right man!

A band of office-breakers and forgers who were operating extensively in Central London some time ago were finally brought to book in a most unique manner.

It transpired that numerous office-cleaners had a mutual friend in a benevolent individual whose weakness for the company of charladies seemed difficult to explain.

So the "charlady clue" was followed up, and it was found that the benevolent one would visit them at their work.

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Happy, healthy men who wish to get the most satisfaction and the least harm from smoking—smoke Manikins.

Economically wise, they know that Manikins give more pleasure and satisfaction—more smoke joy for their money.

There's no question of "one-after-the-other" with Manikins, for they are made from tobacco with body enough and flavour enough to satisfy—They are kind to the palate, smooth as an old port and delightfully mild.

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5 FOR 10D.
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WE DELIVER Carriage Paid anywhere in U.K. every size of DUNLOP, GOODYEAR, INDIA and other first-class makes for Cars, Motor Cycles, and Commercial Vehicles, at rock bottom net list prices. No charge for extended payments. Small deposit with order, and 6 monthly payments after. Catalogue free, or write for size and make you want. 30 years character for honest dealing.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Every man has—

Britain's chief Law Officers—Sir William Jowitt, Attorney-General and—

—Sir James Melville, Solicitor-General

THERE are people who boast that never in their lives have they employed a lawyer. If they are taxpayers, they delude themselves. For the Government, representing the whole body of taxpaying citizens, is the richest and most active of all the clients of the legal profession.

Whatever Ministry is in power, the money paid to the lawyers on account of public business is a colossal drain upon the revenue; and the burden grows heavier every year.

To begin with—each Government has two principal Law Officers, the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, eminent King's Counsel.

Their business is to advise the Cabinet upon legal matters, to supervise the drafting of Acts of Parliament, and in important cases, civil or criminal, to appear in the Law Courts as representatives of the Crown.

£24,000 a year

The present holders of these two offices are Sir William Jowitt, K.C., M.P., and Sir James Melville, K.C., M.P. Their respective salaries are £7,000 and £6,000 a year.

Yet, although these figures are higher than the salaries of any Cabinet Minister, except the Lord Chancellor, another lawyer, who receives £10,000 annually, they represent less than half the total incomes of their fortunate recipients.

In addition to these fixed annual payments they are entitled to "fees" whenever they are "briefed" by the Treasury Solicitor or the Public Prosecutor to conduct cases for the Crown.

For example, in the year 1928 the fees paid to the Attorney-General over and above his salary amounted to £17,271, and to the Solicitor-General £9,062, their total respective incomes for the year being £24,700 and £15,224.

It should be stated that, as a rule, the barristers who occupy these positions are first-rate men, in the front rank of their profession, but it can scarcely be contended that at wages of £476 a week and £292 a week, respectively, they are underpaid.

Moreover, in every case which they conduct in the courts they enjoy the assistance of "junior" counsel, many of them barristers of high standing, who are also paid by the Government.

Costly prosecutions

In the year under notice these additional fees amounted to £29,932, so that altogether the charges of the Law Officers' Department approached £70,000.

Apart from important criminal charges, in which one of the Law Officers appears to prosecute, the Director of Public Prosecutions is constantly instructing expensive barristers to prosecute persons at criminal courts.

These Treasury Counsel, as they are commonly called—men like Mr. Percival Clarke, Mr. G. D. Roberts, Mr. Gerald Dodson and others—enjoy handsome professional incomes derived mainly from the taxpayer.

At the Old Bailey alone the annual cost of prosecuting accused persons is about £50,000, while if Assizes and Quarter Sessions throughout the country are included, an annual estimate of £500,000 would be well within the mark.

"Handsome incomes." Here is Mr. G. D. Roberts. Above him: Sir Maurice Gwyer, King's Proctor

The Costly BIG WIG

Added to this are the salaries of Clerks of Assize, more lawyers, totalling £14,126 a year, the expenses of judges and their clerks travelling round the assizes, returned at £13,500, with miscellaneous charges, bringing the grand total of expenditure upon criminal prosecutions well in sight of an annual £1,000,000.

The fees paid to lawyers representing the Crown, whether in civil or criminal cases, naturally vary according to the length of time occupied and the amount of work involved, but a few representative figures may be cited.

—his own Lawyer

For important State prosecutions, like murder trials, in which either the Attorney-General or Solicitor-General appears for the Crown, the fee received is usually anything between 150 and 250 guineas, with daily "refreshers" of twenty-five or fifteen guineas as long as the case lasts.

The total cost to the Exchequer of prosecuting Mrs. Pace, who in 1928 was acquitted of the murder of her husband, was returned at £600.

The trial of Podmore at the Winchester Assizes cost over £350, the 100-guinea fee received by Sir Thomas Inskip, K.C., who prosecuted for the Crown, being substantially less than would have been paid to either of the Law Officers of the Government.

The biggest slice

Probably the richest harvest of the Crown lawyers is in cases affecting the Inland Revenue, income-tax appeals and so on, where very often vast sums of money are at stake, for the Imperial Exchequer to lose or gain.

In 1928 at least £20,000 of the fees paid to lawyers by the Government can be traced to this source.

Since that date one or two of the costliest tax-appeals on record have been heard, including the recent case of the Wimbledon High School, whose governors, with the aid of Sir John Simon, K.C., successfully claimed immunity from income-tax, against every argument of the Crown.

In this one case the lawyers must have scooped at least £3,000.

The Post Office maintains its own police force at an annual cost of £10,000, but this is the smallest part of its legal expenditure.

The lawyers claim the lion's share, the latest figure for "legal charges" being £40,000, of which £13,000 was spent in prosecuting the smaller fry who were caught pilfering the post.

The Ministries of Pensions, of Labour and of Health also employ lawyers regularly—at a cost which it would be safe to estimate at £100,000.

"Rubbing along"

Then there is the King's Proctor, whose much-criticised intervention in divorce proceedings costs the taxpayer £8,000 a year.

Invariably, the King's Proctor is one and the same person as the Treasury Solicitor, whose Department, embracing a large variety of criminal and civil business belonging to the Government, manages to rub along at an annual cost of £86,850.

This survey of the Government's largesse to the lawyers necessarily excludes the vast legal expenditure of local authorities, salaries of town clerks, police-court solicitors retained by borough and county councils for the enforcement of their by-laws and the prosecution of local crime at Petty Sessions.

The British public are paying over to the legal profession a fabulous fortune every year. The receipts of the lawyers from public authorities far exceed those of the doctors, or indeed of any other profession.

Curiously, none of the Economy Commissions has so far thought it worth while to enquire whether the legal business of the nation might not be as efficiently discharged at a lower cost.

Putting Pierrot *in* PICKLE

"They have their own philosophy"

THE seaside is closing down. Crowds are thinning on pier and "prom." Carnival lights fade and die. Pierrot is packing his motley and the *Skylark's* days are numbered.

Pleasure-steamers whistle a shrill good-bye. Punch and Judy take their last curtain. The minstrels fold their tents and steal away.

But where do they go in the winter-time—the watermen and the waitresses; the cockle and shrimp vendors; the stop-me-and-buy-one men?

What happens to the chairmen, the boatmen and the pier-workers; the showmen of the fun fairs, stallholders, pretty girls in kiosks, your-picture-while-you-wait people, and the hundred and one different familiars of summer days?

The season is all too short. At the best it runs to eighteen weeks.

But the workers who vanish with the holiday crowds still have to live; they still have homes and wives and families to keep going. How do they manage it?

There is a small minority who dig sufficient "treasure" from the golden sands each summer to enable them to live in leisure and luxury throughout the winter.

The worst of "seasons" yields a profit of many hundreds of pounds.

Men who, apron-clad and with sleeves rolled up, have been sweating and howling behind crude stalls are transformed into well-to-do folk, with time and money enough to play with.

Fortune-on-Sea

Many of them winter abroad at famous Continental resorts. There is a cockle-vendor in a big way at an east coast town who leaves for the Riviera every November, complete with family, nurse and two cars.

He returns in April, takes off his coat, and gets on with the job.

A sea-front caterer who died a little while ago left nearly £100,000, all of which had been made in his own lifetime.

But such plutocrats of the golden sands are the exception rather than the rule. They purchased their sites or property for a song at a time when the resorts were undeveloped.

Their fortunes were made sometimes by brilliant anticipation, and sometimes by sheer luck.

There is no such good fortune for the majority. To-day the rentals of sea-front stalls—mainly controlled by local authorities—are astoundingly high.

Sums ranging from £100 to nearly £1,000 are extracted for permission to trade on the sea-front for a few fleeting months.

But even then, given a good season, sufficient profits are made to enable the stallholders to live in reasonable comfort throughout the whole of the year.

Many have other interests. Beach photographers frequently have shops in the towns. The "banana men" are fruiterers by trade.

Scores of other vendors have inland interests that are watched for them by vigilant wives or assistants while they go "gold-digging" on the sands.

On the other hand, a wet season such as this year's may have disastrous effects on one whose only assets are his "pitch."

Easy money

At this moment Miss Bondfield knows only too well the destiny of many of the "gold-diggers." They go straight on the "dole."

Particularly quick on this up-take are the extra workers employed by hotels and boarding-houses. Because they are insurable there is nothing to stop them drawing "nice" pay-packets throughout the summer and retiring on the strength of the State in the winter.

A girl waitress, for instance, if she is over twenty-one, works for fifteen weeks at some healthy resort—as good as a holiday for a town or country girl—and is then eligible to draw 15s. a week.

Added to what she has saved of her wages and tips, this little gold-digger is able to live comfortably at home, not only paying for her "keep," but with enough left over for "pin-money."

The crews of the bigger pleasure-steamers are also insurable, and those who are "signed off" have little fear of starving. In fact, for some of them, it is quite a good thing.

Here is the case of a young man who, for four months of the year, is purser aboard a south coast paddle-boat.

Some sailors care

His pay is £4 weekly. He is given free quarters, four splendid meals daily in the first-class saloon, and, by exercising his diplomacy, can average from 30s. to £2 weekly in gratuities.

His earnings over a period of sixteen weeks, therefore, are well over £80. His expenditure, except on personal luxuries, nil. So that, with nearly £100 in his pocket, almost enough to make ends meet for the winter, the "dole" is pure pocket-money.

But the end of the pleasure-boat season is not a happy moment for all. Captains and chief engineers face the prospect of "standing by" on half-pay, and doing odd jobs, for long, weary winter months.

Kid gloves off

Mates have to forget their gold braid and kid gloves, and return to the lower deck of other vessels. Chief stewards join the rank and file of liners. Able-seamen, scorning the "dole" where they can, prepare to endure the privation of the fishing-fleets.

But there are many real unfortunates of the season's end.

Here is just one typical case. "Billie," as we will call him, is a married man. He has five children. His job, which lasts for just five months, is that of life-saver at an east coast bathing-station.

Over a period of years he has rescued scores from drowning, but he has not found gratitude a virtue. A season or so ago he saved fifteen lives, and the monetary reward was less than £2.

Billie's wages are £4 a week. He can save but little and must scramble for any sort of a job. Within recent years he has been a billiard-marker, a waiter, a 'bus conductor. But each summer the sea calls. He always goes back.

The pierrot and concert party troups break up in high spirits; but there is sadness, and often tragedy, under the motley.

The real victims

Higher-paid "stars" in miniature have been able to save, and they are fairly certain of work within a reasonable period.

But you will find the lesser lights hard up against it, dejectedly touring the agencies in quest of a "shop."

Punch and Judy shows move inland. They usually find custom. The showmen at the fun fairs rely either on their "nest-egg" or their ingenuity.

The watermen muddle through somehow. What they all actually do is a mystery. For some there is winter work in plenty, at painting and boat-building. For some there is the ancient game of beach-combing.

Regular pier and promenade workers are retained by local authorities on repair and reconstruction work.

The real victims when the sea-side puts up the shutters are the hundreds of casual workers engaged in a hundred and one different holidays tasks.

For some the "dole." Others just drift. They have their own philosophy: "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

that keeps appetites enthusiastic

If you'd like to eat with the zest of a schoolboy, try this: a plateful of Post Toasties with sugar and milk — or cream. Now — can you imagine yourself *not* being enthusiastic about that fascinating flavour? . . . the fresh nutty flavour of ripe Indian corn — with just a delicate suggestion of seasoning — toasted into the crispest flakes you've ever crunched

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SOME DECEPTIONS AMUSE

but others confuse

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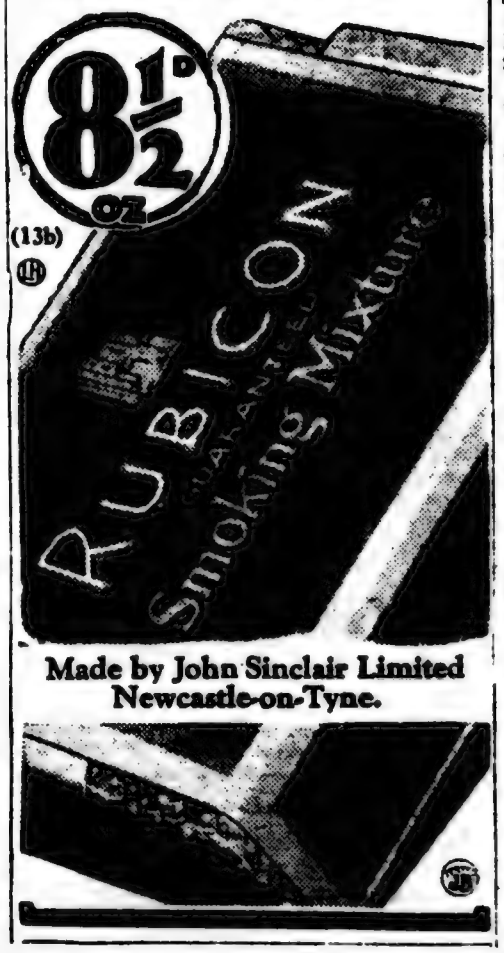

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THE ARTIST MODEL MYTH

POSES WITH A PAIN IN THEM

A model employed at the Harvey and Proctor School of Modern Art in London

ARTISTS' models—of course, they are specialists, but apart from that they are ordinary folk with a job to do and a living to earn.

Certainly, in most cases, their lives hold no episodes which could excuse the lifting of prudish eyebrows. Yet you may say, Think of the temptations a girl must experience!

A girl? If you were to say "model" to a painter, he would ask you what kind of model you wanted to paint: a boy, a girl child, a youth or man, an old man, a girl or young woman, a matron or an old woman.

For there are very many kinds of models. Many specialise in sitting draped; others, male and female, are used for their hands or their heads only.

• • •

In London, as in Paris and in Rome, and everywhere where there is a substantially large artists' colony, there are families whose tradition it has been, from generation to generation, to work as models.

They are proud of their work—it is their contribution to the art they love.

There is one famous family in London, for example, which has now a dozen of its members working as models in art schools and studios.

One of them is a magnificent athlete, who sometimes fills in his spare time by acting as sparring partner to a well-known pugilist.

Try this one!

Models prefer to work in the various art schools. The pay is better and more regular than for studio work—except when they sit for a few wealthy artists.

Hours of work in the bigger colleges are usually from 9.30 in the morning until 3.30 in the afternoon, with an hour off for lunch—five working hours.

It is true that the model poses for fifty minutes only in each hour and has ten minutes off for a rest.

But just try it yourself. Assume a pose. Don't move a hair's-breadth. Keep your head steady. And don't twitch that knee.

Keep like that for fifty minutes. Then, after ten minutes' rest, resume the same pose. And keep this up for five hours.

You'll find the first hour is rather painful; after the third you will be in agony.

Some poses are extremely difficult, and entail a tremendous muscular strain.

Imagine yourself posing for a statue of an athlete; standing, let us say, in the attitude of a runner just ready for the start. See how long you could keep that pose.

You'll soon realise that a model's life isn't made up of dances and art-talk and Bohemian teas.

Quite often a model, to oblige a student, will forgo his or her ten minutes' rest. The student can't quite get the line; the model sees this, understands the difficulty, and voluntarily sacrifices the ten-minute break.

Some models have been known to maintain a pose in this manner, of their own good will, for three hours.

Take drapery poses, for instance. These are poses where the model dare not move because certain folds in the costume or drapery can never be repeated.

Five hours' ordeal

There can be no break for a rest in such cases. For this reason models who posed for one of London's most famous war memorials had to maintain one-pose for five hours.

• • •

At this point it would be well to bring the attention of some of our art schools to a matter which could be easily and cheaply remedied.

Why cannot they provide air-cushions for models who take seated poses? Very often a model's seat is needlessly uncomfortable, enhancing the pain and tension of her work.

Recently a girl who was posing in the nude, in a most uncomfortable seat, broke down in agony after three hours, and was carried fainting from the room.

• • •

For this work the schools pay usually half-a-crown an hour, sometimes only two shillings.

Private posing is, of course, rather more precarious. The hours are uncertain.

And, sometimes, the model is not certain of receiving the pay; although artists are by no means commonly remiss in such matters. But some pay at the end of the job and some daily.

Artists who have "arrived" pay much more than the schools, but students and poor struggling artists can often afford no more than 1s. 6d. for an hour's posing.

How do they obtain models? Any known painter or sculptor can ring up an art school and ask for the name and address of a reputable model. Also, there are a few agencies which supply models.

Models also go on the hunt for work and make periodical rounds of the studios to book engagements. Engagements to sit for classes are booked several months in advance.

Model-critics

Models often develop a keen critical sense, and it is not uncommon for one of them to stroll round during the rest interval examining the canvases of students and expressing an opinion with great frankness.

Those who have posed for competitors in the *Prix de Rome*, or some similar prized distinction, will be as excited as their employers about the result, and will wait for hours at headquarters to hear the news.

Then, if their employer is successful, they will rush off to tell him, and to receive the traditionally substantial tip.

The same custom holds good in the case of painters elected members or associates of the Royal Academy. Here it is established by tradition that the model bringing the good news receives a guinea.

• • •

It would, of course, be absurd to maintain that all models and all artists are blameless paragons of virtue. That could hardly be said of the members of any profession.

The artist and his model should be sex-cleaner than any. Habit has trained them to regard the human body as nature's most beautiful composition—one which, however, their truer sense of values allows them to criticise freely at times.

She doesn't mind

It would be a revelation to many to hear the comments of artists upon the physique of the man or woman who is posing for the life class.

They are perfectly cool and professional, and the model is not in the least concerned—unless they decide she is not good enough to pose.

Posing is hard work; and the model who leads a "loose" life would soon lose the necessary stamina.

• • •

The model's principal need is organisation. The formation of a protective guild, along the lines of those of the film and stage artists, would put a stop to many abuses and raise the status of what is a most deserving and hard-working body of men and women.

Autumn's Fire

"Now autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods" and fires glow on the hearth at night, let the fire of love stir the heart to help those who are left out in the cold. See "The Greatest of These ——" Fund, page 34.

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says

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"IF you could only see the crude oils and rancid animal fats," warns Madame Mina Geiser, of Geneva, "that go into so many soaps, you would understand why I stress the value of Palmolive Soap, made from the delicate palm and olive oils."

This is the opinion of an acknowledged expert who has been practising in Geneva—Home of the League of Nations—for 15 years, and who previously studied facial treatment with the famous "Institut de Beauté," Place Vendôme, Paris, and with some of the most reputable beauty specialists in that city.

More than 20,000 beauty specialists confirm this

"These cosmetic oils," Madame Mina Geiser continues, "contribute blandness and safety to soap. They make soap and water safe for all skins, however sensitive. They make Palmolive a true beauty soap."

Therefore, always use Palmolive Soap; its soothing lather, reaches right down into the pores, ridding them of all impurities, cleansing, refreshing and rejuvenating as no other soap can. Yet Palmolive acts gently in a way that will not damage the most delicate skin.

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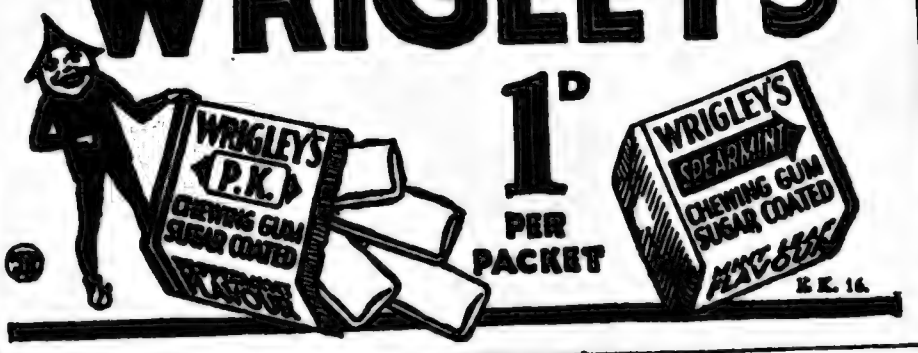

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REAL LIFE STORIES—*by Famous Authors*

A *Tramp's* ROMANCE

". . . on the 'head-end' of a fast passenger, the wind rushing past his ears . . ."

by

CHARLES ASHLEIGH,

Tramp, Poet, Journalist and Author of "Rambling Kid"

Illustrated by Herbert Hyde

THE following story was first told to me by one of its main characters, in a tramp camp in Kansas in 1913. Later, in San Francisco, I met the other persons concerned, and was satisfied as to the complete truth of the narrative.

For reasons which will be readily appreciated, I have had to disguise names of persons and of places.

The man who first told me the story was a well-known character among American hoboes, especially among those who frequent the western states. He was an Englishman of the upper middle class, a Cambridge man, and an able journalist.

Because of his English mannerisms he was known on the road as "The lord," or just simply as "Lord."

In the autumn of 1911 he was travelling in partnership with a young vagrant known as "Cincinnati Red," a big, good-looking fellow of twenty-two or three, who derived his "moniker," or road-name, from the city of his birth and his shock of brilliantly red hair.

Red was a child of the slums, who had taken to the road when fourteen years old, and had been "rambling" ever since, except for one year spent in a reformatory—whence he was sentenced on a charge of vagrancy—from which he had made his escape.

The two of them had been "beating their way," by passenger or freight train, from the East. They had just crossed the Californian border and were bound for Los Angeles.

Stiff with fatigue and cold—they had crossed the "hump," as hoboes call the mountains—they had dropped off a fast freight at Niles Junction, and had spent the night in the celebrated "jungles" in Niles Cañon.

The "jungles" are the permanent hobo camps, usually a mile or so outside a town.

They had slept soundly the previous night by their big log fire. In the morning, it being "Lord's" turn to forage, he had gone to test the generosity of the inhabitants of a small township a few miles away on a branch line.

It was now midday, and Red was sitting by the fire, heating a can of water for coffee, and hungrily awaiting his comrade's return.

He did not have to wait long, for just as the water began to boil "Lord" appeared in the "jungles," cheerily trilling a little song, as he threaded his way among the fires of other groups.

"Well, kid," he cried. "How's things? Here's plenty of provender."

And from his pockets he produced packets of cold meat and seductive cuts of pumpkin pie, the donations of housewives unable to withstand "Lord's" alluring eloquence.

"And three dollars in cash," continued "Lord," producing a handful of coins which he proceeded to divide with Red.

The two rascals ate steadily and appreciatively. Then, the meal over, they lay back on the grass, sipping their coffee and smoking, gazing with happy repletion into the deep Californian sky.

"We're going to take a shave this afternoon, dear old thing," suddenly said "Lord." "And this evening we're going to a dance."

"But how are we goin' to get into any dance with these clothes?"

"It is a matter of the utmost simplicity, my dear fellow," answered "Lord," whose diction was always in startling contrast to the jargon of his fellows. "In fact, we couldn't get in in any other costume. Just read this." And he handed Red a pink leaflet.

"Hobo Ball," his companion read. "To be held in aid of the new Ladies' Club House. Come in your oldest, raggedest clothes. A prize for the

(*Continued on p. 29*)

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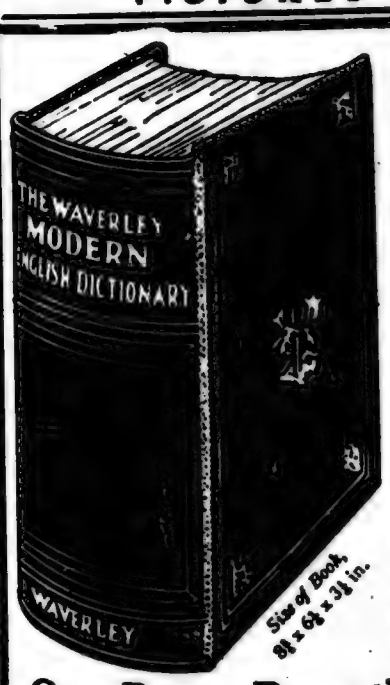

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A night of horror at a lonely inn . . . the fighting maniacs . . . and in the morning—

Read

"MY REST CURE,"

Next week's True Story by

J. S. Fletcher,

Novelist and Historian

continued from page 24

most patches! Under the patronage of the Mayor and Mayoress. Admission: 50 cents. Ladies free."

"How about venturing fifty cents each on an evening's pleasant entertainment?" "Lord" asked.

"You said it!" replied Red emphatically.

"It's a couple of miles up the branch line," said "Lord." "At Masonville, a pretty little township."

* * *

The little frame Town Hall of Masonville was bedecked with two or three strings of lights. Across the top of the entrance was stretched a canvas announcing "MASONVILLE'S RAGGED BALL. Everyone Welcome. Admission 50 cents."

After the customary delays, the orchestra had got down to work, and the floor was comfortably filled with couples.

But things had not yet properly thawed, and there were still small groups of shy girls and youths, segregated by their own bashfulness, longing to dance, but not yet bold enough.

IT would seem that the ladies had not taken the injunction to come in old and ragged clothes as applying to themselves. Obviously, they had all put on their "party dresses," and a bright and vari-coloured showing they made.

But the men had obeyed and there was a medley of rags and patched and festooned clobber, picturesque and otherwise.

Red and "Lord" looked at each other with amusement now and again on observing some outrageous conception of what constituted hobo dress.

It was certain that they would be noticed: two strangers in this small town gathering. And several people had already asked each other who they were, these two self-assured men, tanned and well shaven, with their hair so slickly trimmed and brushed, wearing suits of well-washed overalls upon which they had sewn patches of red and green and yellow.

"Lord," said Red, "I'm all rearin' to dance. What about it?"

"And so you shall," said "Lord," "and with the best and fairest in the land. Just wait a minute."

He turned to an elderly townsman, seated by the door.

"Could you tell me whether the mayor is present?"

"Why, sure. There he is, over by the musicians. That tall man with the glasses and the grey moustache."

"What is his name?" asked "Lord." "I'm a stranger in this town."

"Marshall," replied the accommodating citizen.

"Lord" walked right over to the mayor. Admiringly, Red watched him.

"Mr. Marshall," said "Lord," "may I introduce myself? My name is Carrington. I am a British railway engineer, and I have been studying railroad maintenance in your country.

"MY friend and I read in the local paper, at San José, of your dance, and thought we would come over." He beckoned to Red. "This is Mr. Bradford, my guide and companion, an engineer on the New York Central. Jack, this is Mr. Marshall, mayor of Masonville."

"Very glad to know you," said the mayor genially, shaking hands. "We are honoured, gentlemen, that you have visited our town. But you must come and meet some of our folks."

Then followed a series of introductions. Soon "Lord" had a group of town worthies around him, exclaiming and laughing, while he told them of various experiences in different parts of the world which he had visited as railway engineering expert.

"You should be dancing," said the mayor to Red. "Come, I will introduce you to my daughter."

It was a sweet and intelligent girl who held out her hand to Red, and looked with shy admiration at this big, comely young man. Red danced passably well. He had worked during a couple of winters in various big towns, and had visited the dance-halls.

He had a ready tongue and had travelled widely—being a hobo!

They danced together, and then Red went to the buffet in search of lemonade for Helen. They danced together again. And then they sat out a dance.

Love at first sight! How often has the phrase been used, until it is hackneyed beyond measure. But the experience, for which that phrase stands, is genuine enough, if rare. And by the irony of circumstance, here again it was manifested between these two.

AN hour went by, and another. Whenever Helen was free, Red danced with her. By now they had told each other their first names, and they were Helen and Jack to each other. Red was in a kind of glamoured dream.

He almost believed the lies he had told her. He knew, as definitely as one can know anything, that—even this very evening—if he were to declare his affection, she would respond.

Now and again he caught sight of "Lord." Sometimes he was dancing, sometimes he was entertaining the mayor and his friends to yet more reminiscences. "Lord" had the town by the throat.

Red fed himself upon dreams. He would settle down, get a job. What a fool he had been, wasting his life on the road, starved for the sweet company of women. He realised now what he had been missing.

But there would be an end to this. Helen—the ideal companion; the girl he had always imagined he would care for.

"Helen," he said, "let's walk out under the trees. It sure is a fine night, and it's awful hot in here."

They strolled out on to the square. To the left, a shadowy, grass-floored avenue of old chestnuts led down to the river. They walked slowly down it, arm in arm, not speaking.

Through the fragrant stillness of the night they could hear faintly the music of the dance. They sat down on a bench. His hand sought hers.

"I certainly do like you, Helen," he said, clumsily.

"And I like you, Jack."

"Funny we should fall for each other this way, isn't it?"

"Yes." Her voice was low.

"Ever liked anyone else like this?"

"No, Jack."

"Nor have I. I guess we ought to see more of each other, Helen. What do you say?"

"Oh, yes."

She turned to him. They looked at each other for a moment; then they kissed. And then they went on talking, in low tones, building a radiant future. This meeting was all so marvellous, they could still hardly realise it.

Then a train shrieked, down in the Niles yards. Memory rushed back at him. He, a miserable hobo, without a penny, without a job. Was it hopeless? There was just a chance.

"Helen, dear, I couldn't marry now. I'll soon be without a job." He could not bring himself to tell her the whole truth. "If I went to San Francisco for a year, to work, would you wait for me? I'd write to you."

"Of course I'd wait, Jack."

THERE was a chance! New resolution was born in him that night. He would go to San Francisco, would get a job, and would work to make their marriage possible. It wasn't far; he could come over to see her.

But her father? Wouldn't he wonder why Red had given up his fine job on the New York Central?

"What does your father work at, Helen?"

"Well, he runs a hardware store. But he's got a pension, too."

"Pension? What from?"

"He was an officer in the Pennsylvania Reformatory. He's retired now."

Pennsylvania Reformatory? Something came up from darkness and overwhelmed Red. He recalled her father's face. Yes! He remembered. There had been a guard named Marshall at the "Ref." It was impossible!

Marshall might recognise him, despite the passage of time. They were made to study periodically the photographs of all kids who escaped. Hopeless! Just his filthy luck!

Well, it was finished now. A train shrieked again. There was a rumbling and a clattering. They were "making up" a freight in the yards. He must go—now, before she found out. He'd meet "Lord" again, all right. They were both heading for Sacramento.

He stood up.

"Helen, I must go now."

"Why now, Jack?"

"I must. I'd forgotten—an appointment to-night—business. I must get the car. . . . I'll write to you."

The joy had fled from her face. She was troubled, deeply puzzled. He could not stand it. He caught her to him, kissed her, and ran away into the darkness.

Within a hour, he was on the "head-end" of a fast passenger, the wind rushing past his ears as the train sped on through the dark country.

It was all over. She would never hear from him again, he thought. It would be better for her never to hear from him again, from a worthless hobo and escaped reformatory boy. But, what tough luck!

* * *

NOW comes the most amazing part of this story, for, unfortunately, not so many real life stories have a happy ending.

The shock of this experience somehow killed all the glamour of the road for Red. He did eventually go to San Francisco, and he did find a job. And, being an energetic and intelligent youngster, he did his work exceedingly well, and was promoted.

He could not forget Helen though: and, after some months, he decided to take the risk, to write to her and tell her everything. He did so, and the reply he received staggered him. He told me that he read it three times before he could believe it.

For Marshall had recognised him, almost at once. An old prison guard never forgets a face, and Red had not altered much. But Marshall had decided at once not to report him.

It was several years since the escape, the old man had told Helen, and the kid seemed to have good stuff in him. He had decided to give him an "even break."

Red and Helen are now a thriving couple in San Francisco. Red had done quite well in business; and there are also two children, one a boy. Red says he wants him to become a marine engineer, so that he will be away from the temptations of the road!

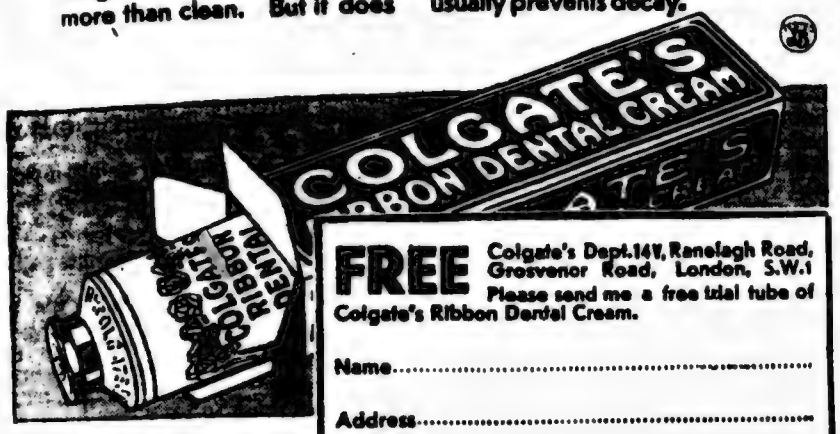
What do you expect your toothpaste to do?

For Colgate's, we make this single claim: It cleans teeth thoroughly . . . completely.

Beware of extravagant promises to cure sensitive, irritated gums . . . permanently correct mouth acidity . . . or other dental ills.

The only function of a dentifrice is to clean teeth. For the action of a dentifrice is merely mechanical just like soap and water. Colgate's does not claim to do more than clean. But it does claim to do that more thoroughly . . . more completely . . . because of a unique property (low "surface tension").

When you brush with Colgate's, you are secure in the knowledge that every part of a tooth is reached and cleaned. And your dentist will tell you that regular, thorough cleansing usually prevents decay.



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Please send me a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

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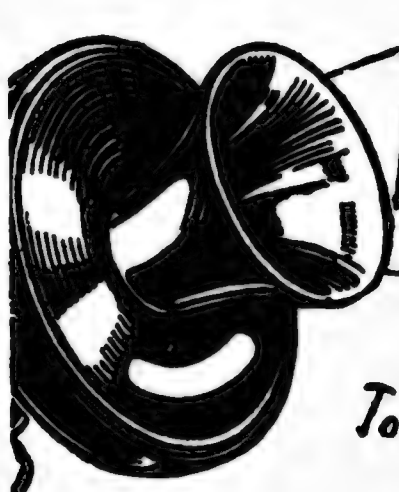

A MESSAGE

To those who are

NOT

on the Telephone

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For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

£650

Award in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 80.

In the above Competition, solutions containing one error were received from the following six competitors, who share the £600 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £100 will be despatched.

G. Chew, 181, Brownhill Drive, Blackburn.
W. Gill, 4, Teken Close, Brookiyn Rd., Retford, Notts.
W. Kitchen, The Bakery, Eastleach, Cirencester.
A. L. Malcolm, 22, Crown Square, Prestonpans.
E. Tasker, Little Briggens, Stanstead Abbotts, Herts.
G. B. Whitmore, 212, Newhampton Road, W. Wolverhampton.

Solutions containing two errors were received from 61 competitors, who share the additional £50, each being awarded £6/5, and each has been notified. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.

Another £600 Crossword appears on page 32. Try your skill now.

Todays Happy Thought!

SHARP'S GOLDEN SUPER TOFFEE

6d. per ¼ lb.

"SELF HELP."

When the Bennett College, Sheffield, was started over thirty years ago, tuition by correspondence was not seriously considered as an efficient and complete method of vocational training. To-day, its value has been proved to such an extent that the Bennett College is one of the largest institutions for educational purposes and acts as guardian or "father" to thousands.

Most people are not closely in touch with the possibilities of employment in different walks of life and to those this College, with its vast connection amongst all industrial activities, is able to give useful advice as to supply and demand in the various vocations.

Those who find themselves in employment for which they are not suited or which does not seem to offer scope, as well as those who are in good employ but do not know the road along which further progress can be made, are invited to read the announcement on page 12.

The growth of the College has been very rapid. Three additional wings in three years have been added. This has been largely the result of the recommendation of successful students who have informed their friends, who in turn have joined the College.

Such an Institution is a great national asset.

DAD, can I borrow your ERASMIC Shaving Stick?

No, George, not on your life! Last time you took mine, I never saw it again!

ERASMIC SHAVING STICK

1/-

WHY THEY'RE SO KEEN ON ERASMIC

1 A shilling stick lasts more than four months.
2 Effective with hot or cold water.
3 Close lather firmly supports all hairs from top to base.
4 Its special ingredients soothe the skin, producing a delightful after-shave sensation.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Father Points Revolver at His Sleeping Baby

IT is with a breaking heart I write my sad story in order to seek your advice. My trouble centres round my eldest daughter, a sweet and gentle girl.

When she was twenty-one she married, her husband being one year older than herself. He was a stranger to our village, and seemed a steady man.

This quietness, however, was but a pose. After marriage he revealed himself as a real brute and bully.

It was not until she visited us a year later that we learned the truth.

I could see that our daughter was terribly ill as well as expectant, and I got her to bed and sent for the doctor.

He pronounced her a nervous wreck, saying it would take all our time to keep both mother and child alive.

We were none too well off, and the nourishing things that were needed were more than we could afford.

In the midst of our struggle we learned that the man had won £100 on the racecourse.

Of this money my poor girl never saw a penny. But when the baby was born, a poor, feeble mite, I wrote to its father.

A few days later he turned up after twelve o'clock at night and demanded to see his "belongings."

I told him it was running a big risk to waken his wife after she had just dropped off to sleep for the night.

He replied by blustering, and forced his way up. A few moments later my girl gave a strangled, terrified shriek, and I rushed up to find her in a state of complete collapse.

By the time she came round her husband had disappeared. She told us that she had given a start on awaking to find him standing there, whereupon he immediately whipped out a revolver and, pointing it at the sleeping infant, yelled "You'd start to better purpose if I happened to fire this!"

The doctor was sent for, and later his evidence, added to ours, was successful in gaining my poor girl a legal separation with maintenance.

He never paid a penny, was arrested and did three months in jail. He finally disappeared, and we heard he had gone to Canada.

But the long strain had worked its evil, and after another illness my poor girl collapsed and died. This left dad and I with her baby for our sole remaining treasure.

We have cared for it tenderly, and it is the apple of our eyes. But now comes the news that the father, hearing of his wife's death, is returning, and means to claim the boy. Is there any way to prevent this?

"HUMANIST" says: There is a clause in the Guardianship of Children Act which gives a magistrate power, in certain cases, to grant custody away from the parent.

Ask permission legally to adopt the baby. In view of your son-in-law's bad record, the court should not hesitate to grant it.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

CROOK'S SWAG

puts guilt on woman

I AM worried about my younger sister, who, I cannot help feeling, does not realise her own terrible position.

When quite a girl she married a man fifteen years her senior, whom she soon found totally unsuited to her. He was old-fashioned, and failed to move with the times, while she leaned to the gay side of life.

At a dance, my sister met and fell in love with a smarter man. He described himself as a commercial traveller, and lavished presents of surprising value upon her.

He declared he was doing well with his commissions, and gave her large sums of money, which she banked in her name "against the day when they could marry."

Finally, they decided to flee the country together, but on the eve of their departure one man was arrested for embezzlement, and was sentenced to several years' imprisonment.

My sister's name did not come into the affair, but all the same she left her husband, declaring that she was tired of married life.

She has taken a big house, furnished it, and is gaining her living by taking in boarders. One of these is now causing trouble. He has lived on her for weeks without paying one penny piece.

When presented with his bill, he meets it with a wink, saying he knows where all the money came from to start the boarding-house business, and if pressed "he won't mind passing on his information where it will do most good."

Is there any way in which my sister can protect herself against this man? If not, and he tells his story, can she be prosecuted?

"HUMANIST" says: Your sister left a good man to throw in her lot with crooks, and must take the consequences.

If she has knowingly used money which she is aware was stolen, she is equally guilty with the thief, and will be prosecuted when the fact comes out.

THE SLAVE

of the stone-cracker

EMPLOYED in a stone and gravel pit, I am an elderly man, and, as a filler of dobbins, receive 30s. a week.

My firm sends out daily many lorry-loads of stone and shingle for mending and making roads.

One day recently the separating-machine went out of order. In order to keep things moving, I and another man were told off to go over all heaps from which the best of the shingle had already been extracted, pick out by hand, and load up the second best.

It was hinted that we could do better at this if put upon piece work. We tried, and the amount I received for slaving a full week was £1.

To a married man with a family to support this was a staggerer, but worse followed.

I had a mate with me, and he was accused of taking stones from another heap and placing them on his. I was innocent of complicity, but that did not serve me, and 10s. 4d. was stopped out of my pay.

When I complained, explaining the total amount of the loads I had actually lifted, my employer replied that if I was dissatisfied my remedy was to sue him.

This I have hesitated to do, because half a loaf is better than no bread, but I really am at my wit's end how to make ends meet.

"HUMANIST" says: If you can prove that the money was deducted from your pay under a misapprehension, appeal to a magistrate or your trade union, if a member.

I shall be surprised if, in any case, you find the law weighted against men who at best can earn only 30s. for a week's work of so arduous a nature.

SCORE *with Our Expert*

Football Forecasts for September 27

FIRST DIVISION.

*(1) SUNDERLAND v. Blackpool.
(2) Birmingham v. Arsenal.
*(3) BOLTON v. Newcastle.
**(4) DERBY v. Manchester City.
(5) Leeds v. Huddersfield.
*(6) LEICESTER v. Blackburn.
(7) Liverpool v. CHELSEA.
(8) Manchester United v. Grimsby.
(9) Middlesbrough v. Aston Villa.
(10) SHEFFIELD U. v. Portsmouth.
(11) WEST HAM v. Wednesday.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) BARNSLEY v. Bristol City.
**(2) W. B. ALBION v. Plymouth.
(3) Bradford C. v. EVERTON.
(4) BURNLEY v. Bradford.
*(5) CHARLTON v. Cardiff.
(6) Notts Forest v. Oldham.
(7) PORT VALE v. Bury.
(8) PRESTON v. Stoke.
*(9) SOUTHAMPTON v. Wolverhampton.
**(10) SWANSEA v. Reading.
**(11) TOTTENHAM v. Millwall.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern Section).

(1) WALSALL v. Torquay.
*(2) BOSCOMBE v. Clapton Orient.
(3) Brighton v. NORTHAMPTON.
(4) Bristol Rovers v. Luton.
(5) COVENTRY v. Q. P. Rangers.
(6) Exeter v. BRENTFORD.
*(7) FULHAM v. Norwich.
(8) Gillingham v. Crystal Palace.
(9) NEWPORT v. Southend.
(10) SWINDON v. Thames.
(11) Watford v. Notts County.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern Section).

(1) Southport v. Rotherham.
*(2) STOCKPORT v. Nelson.
(3) ACCRINGTON v. York.
(4) Barrow v. CHESTERFIELD.
(5) Crewe v. TRANMERE.
(6) DONCASTER v. Hartlepools.
(7) Gateshead v. WIGAN.
(8) HALIFAX v. Wrexham.
(9) HULL v. Lincoln.
(10) NEW BRIGHTON v. Darlington.
(11) ROCHDALE v. Carlisle.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Queen's Park v. CELTIC.
(2) ABERDEEN v. Hearts.
(3) Clyde v. Leith Athletic.
(4) EAST FIFE v. Ayr United.
(5) FALKIRK v. Motherwell.
**(6) HAMILTON v. Airdrie.
(7) Hibernians v. DUNDEE.
(8) Kilmarnock v. Cowdenbeath.
(9) MORTON v. St. Mirren.
(10) RANGERS v. Partick.

"Bang in form"—Waring, Aston Villa's champion goal-getter

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

WINNERS IN CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL special selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Saturday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—4(*H*), 7(*A*); Div. II.—3(*H*), 10(*H*), 11(*H*); Scottish League—1(*A*) would indicate Derby County, Chelsea, W. B. Albion, Swansea, Tottenham and Celtic in the above list of fixtures.

"No charm without smooth skin"

film stars and directors agree

Joan Crawford, *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star:* ***"Never have I had anything like Lux Toilet Soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth"***

"SMOOTH, exquisite skin is the one asset every film star *must* have," the great directors declare. "That's why the stars take such great care of their complexions."

Of the 714 important film stars in Hollywood and England, 703 guard their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. It has been made the official soap in the dressing-rooms of all the great studios!

Saves you Money

Lux Toilet Soap is made from the purest of oils. Its refreshing perfume is adored by millions! Indeed, here are all the luxuries provided by the most costly soaps.

Use Lux Toilet Soap to keep your skin softly smooth like the lovely complexions you see on the screen. Grocers and stores everywhere have it.

Lilian Roth (*Paramount*) *says:* ***"For very smooth skin I find Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful!"***

9 out of 10 film stars keep their skin *exquisitely smooth* with

LUX Toilet SOAP 4D

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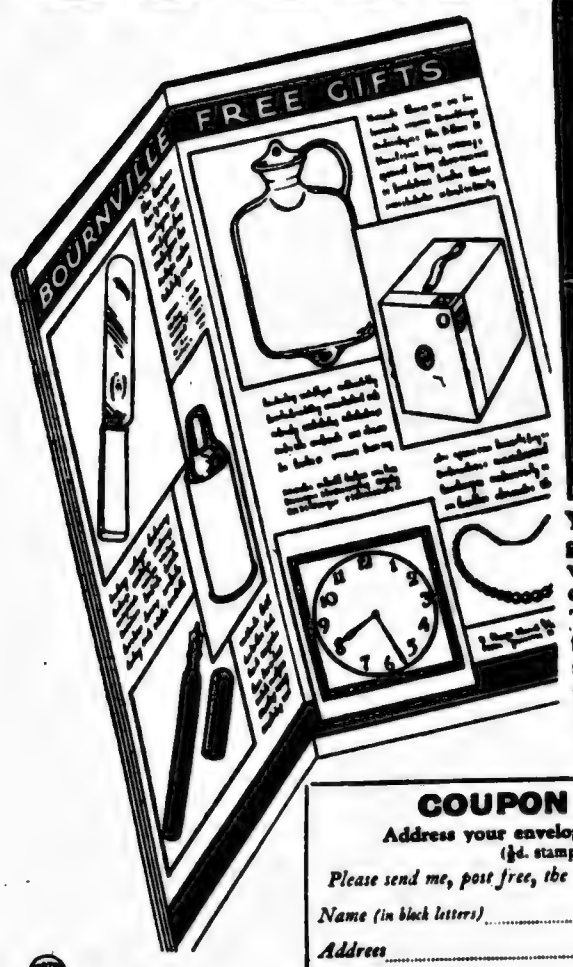
MADE BY CADBURY



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QUALITY 6 COUPONS UNCHANGED

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Please send me, post free, the Catalogue of the New 'Bournville Cocoa Gifts.

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See the name CADBURY on every piece of chocolate

REMARKABLE OFFER

21/- SUPER-BARGAIN BALE OF BLANKETS, &c.

Carr. Paid.

CONTENTS:

4 Yorkshire Combed White Twilled Blankets, thick, warm, soft, and comfortable, well finished, and with assorted Blue and Fancy headings. Extra large, 60 x 78 ins. Double-bed size. **2 Homespun Heather-Coloured Blankets,** a most durable and useful Blanket, size 54 x 75 ins., bordered. All Blankets neatly whipped edges; wear guaranteed. **1 Beautiful Jacge Bedspread,** artistic designs and colourings, cream grounds, size 60 x 80 ins. **1 Fancy Grape Tablecover,** Oriental designs and rich colourings, Red, Blue, Olive, Sand, etc. Size about 36 x 36 ins.

FREE GIFT—With every order we will present a Handsome Sateen or Cretonne Cushion, 22 ins. square, with corded edges, filled with best Hygienic Kapoc Down. Write to-day. Every satisfaction is guaranteed or money returned.

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With every carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a handsome Rug to match.

On receipt of P.O. for 10s. 6d., Carriage 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL" Brussolette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN **CARPETS**

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc. Handsomely Bordered in New Turkey and Artistic Patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimsons, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets, with FREE RUGS, will be sent out as sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

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GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS

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EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
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Advt. The Mullard Wireless Service Co., Ltd., Mullard House, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2 *Arks.*

If you want to bet on

RACING

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FOOTBALL

Take our advice and bet with

"THE BIG TWO"

They are as

"SAFE AS THE BANK"

The "Challenger" (Credit) Football Coupons are the Finest in the country

BIG ODDS

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Write To-day for Lists to

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227, BATH ST., GLASGOW, C.2.

Our Letter Parliament

RADIO'S *Part in* MY LIFE

"How else could we hear such things"

COMPANY when I'm lonely and encouragement when low; opportunity for worship when to church I cannot go; sweet music at my meal-times; the hour exact from "Ben"—is what the wireless means to me and lots of other men.

Wisdom when I'm working and amusement when I'm ill; distraction when my debts are due and I can't pay the bill; a refuge when the wife is wild or when the children cry—

Oh! do not take my wireless down until the day I die.—*E. K., London, N.*

Hold Up a Finger

With Irish blood flowing through my arteries, I enjoy telling a good yarn.

Now, when I call on old friends, I find them sitting gazing vacantly into space, looking thoroughly bored.

I attempt a cheery word. Everyone holds up a finger to silence me. "What!" I say, "got the wireless on?" Everybody nods the affirmative.

A few minutes and I nod, too. That's what it means to me. No audience.—*F. W., Herts.*

Worth Knowing

To one lying on a bed of pain, wireless is a wonderful consolation.

Such as I do not grumble at the fare provided. Instead we are deeply appreciative of those gifted artists who give of their best to entertain us.

Do they, I wonder, fully realise how much their efforts mean to us who are cut off from the world and its pleasures?—*C. C., Fulham, S.W.*

Atmospherics

Once I was mistress of my cottage; now wireless periodicals litter the floor and brass gadgets invade my best ornaments.

Instead of "sweet nothings," my husband mutters about "super-heterodynes," "reaction" and "atmospherics."

Long after I go to bed, he is seeking new noises from afar. Once he woke me to say he had heard Leningrad calling.—*C. F. S., Durham.*

Cheap Jack

Wireless became my hobby years ago, and provided me with a practical knowledge. This being known by my friends, I am regarded as their official repairer (unpaid).

When I return home from business, with visions of an evening with my wife and a comfortable fire, a message often awaits me that Mr. ——'s wireless set has "gone wrong."

I then trudge through whatever type of weather prevails to coax the set to life again.

I am either a benefactor or a fool, probably the latter.—*E. F. W., Sheffield.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, Sept. 30.

What Sunday Games Would Mean to Me

Screeching Women

Nights of tortured sleeplessness, screeching women, and loud oscillations—that is what wireless means to me.

I live in a growing district, where everyone has sufficient money to buy a valve set and loud-speaker, but hardly sufficient to buy a good one.

The consequence is a medley of programmes from different stations floating out from open windows and doors, sometimes until past midnight. Sleep is an impossibility.—*A. L. W., Surrey.*

Old Folks at Home

Before the B.B.C. began to flourish, I was often worried by the obvious emptiness, so hard to alleviate, of the lives of the old people.

They had to sit still, unoccupied, for so many weary hours, while the younger generation worked.

Now all that is changed, and the cost of the set is repaid every time I see grandma and grandpa listening rapturously to one of the programmes.—*C. D., Stoke-on-Trent.*

Get and Give

To me, a mariner, wireless is one of the greatest blessings ever invented, for with it I can summon aid should the lives or property under my command be endangered, or I can render assistance to others when in danger.

With wireless I know the state of the weather well in advance, and even in fog I can navigate with complete assurance, knowing that I can get a position by direction-finding wireless at any time.—*Mariner, Fife.*

Life-Saver

Away on holiday, touring Scotland, my parents did not know my address.

One wet evening our party took shelter at an inn, and was enjoying the music when the programme was broken by an S.O.S.

This read: "Will Miss ——, touring in Scotland, come home at once, as her mother is lying dangerously ill and asking for her?"

I arrived just in time to save my mother's life, as she then took a change for the better.—*E. K., Liverpool.*

Golden Rays

Loving hands (no longer here to tune in) made my set; happy hours followed.

Now, husband and home gone, in an isolated spot, it is like sunshine amid the gloom.

The daily service affords wonderful comfort; the singing is beautiful.

There's music at meal-times, which makes the simple fare more palatable. There's news every day, and Greenwich time included.

I've company all the evening, and a cheery "Good-night" to conclude the day.—*S. F., Hull.*

Cripple's Tonic

I am an invalid, and have been confined to my bed for six months, my only recreation being through the wireless.

I attend theatres and kinemas with the critics and hear of the newest novels. I enjoy the Queen's Hall concerts with the concert-goers.

I laugh with the comedians; I hear discussions and talks on all sorts of subjects, and the music of all the best composers.

How else could I hear such things?—*D. Fry, Wilts.*

* * *

Condensers

A treasure that has made home the best place of entertainment in the world.—*M. R., Glamorgan.*

It is the little bit of sugar on the pill of a day's drudgery.—*Mrs. Warburton, Hulme.*

An interloper in my house, which I cannot kick out.—*Gladys Smith, Thornton Heath.*

Every Sunday our home becomes our church.—*A. S. N., Wales.*

It makes me speculate as to future horrors scientific discovery may yet make possible.—*E. W., Bathgate.*

My husband has become a wireless fan, and the money he used to spend at the local inn is missed by the landlord.—*A. J. S., Burnley.*

Even if it is a talk on pig-keeping, it is a change from the daily round, carrying one away in thought to the country and the green fields.—*Shopwalker, Hull.*

I am a pianist in a small orchestra. If I now seek an engagement for a local dance or private function, I am informed that a wireless set has been installed.—*W. E. Crowe, Yorks.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

BEST *from* FRANCE

A NUMBER of correspondents have asked me for the best French-bred horses in the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

During the past few years it has been a case of "Hats off to France!" on five occasions for one or the other of the big back-end handicaps; and they may have another look in.

Mr. Macomber, who brought off the "double" with Forseti and Masked Marvel, has Brumeux, among others, in the long-distance race, and nothing of much account in the Cambridgeshire.

I give Brumeux a chance, but, according to a friend who knows French form inside out, the pick of the Gallic entries for the two events are Tereus and Lovelace II., both owned by Mr. Esmond.

Tereus did not show up well at Ascot in the Gold Vase—his only outing in this country—but he had a packet of weight. He has a good record in France over long distances, and is not overburdened with 7 st. 13 lb.

In the "Eclipse," Lovelace II. was second to Rustom Pasha, beaten a neck—an excellent performance. His record on the other side of the Channel is fair. Over 2,500 to 1 can be obtained about this French pair by anyone who likes to take a sporting chance.

Recently I mentioned that "John Bull" race-wires were being circulated in the provinces, and that readers were buying them under the impression that the service was mine. The scheme was being run by a man named William Prosser.

Legal action was taken, and Mr. Justice Bennett consented to an injunction restricting Prosser or his agents from advertising or offering for sale his "wares," except with the addition of words, prominently displayed, to the effect that the racing-tips have no connection with this journal.

Oletta did us a good turn recently, and I see no reason why she should not win the big race at Newbury this week-end.

Tremolino and Touchaud are the Saturday "specials."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 25, to Wednesday, October 1.

C	G	D	B	M	P	E	W	2	K	U	9	S	L	Z
5	X	Y	P	J	O	V	3	A	I	T	N	R	H	Q

XLFRUUS2K9 would read GHOST TRAIN.

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald* read the one above or below, as the case may be.

"SILVER RING."

That Penetrating Foam

won thousands upon thousands over to

Gibbs Dentifrice

The fragrant antiseptic foam of Gibbs Dentifrice penetrates into the hidden recesses and crannies where the tooth brush cannot go—dissolving and sweeping away all decay-causing deposits.

Healthy pearly lustre is brought out without slightest risk of scratch.

The whole mouth is refreshed. Gums are toned up—made firm and rosy. The teeth kept safe and sound.

No wonder Gibbs Dentifrice is the favourite family Dentifrice in the British Isles.

Buy each member of your household a case of Gibbs Dentifrice today.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE

Popular size 7½d.; Large Size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d.

For those who prefer a paste, Gibbs Dental Cream—in Tubes 6d. and 1/-. (These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.)

D. & W. GIBBS Ltd. LONDON, E.1.

G.D. 428

HEART and Nerve TROUBLE?

PRESCRIPTION THAT ALWAYS BRINGS RELIEF

HEART DISEASE IS RARE; don't be alarmed because you suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. If it isn't indigestion, it's overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic (Rx. 428) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Prices: 4/6 (72), 4/6 (144). 12/- (432 pills).

This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition and stops your fishing to pieces feeling.

Obtainable post free at these prices from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.,

DISPENSING CHEMISTS (Dept. J.B. 428),

40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Most chemists (including Boots) obtain to order at short notice.

YOU'VE HEARD OF CATESBYS LINO BUT PERHAPS YOU HAVE NOT SEEN ITS BEAUTY

Catesbys Cork Lino is noted for its beautiful appearance, extreme durability and perfect comfort. Anyone can afford it. You can buy what you require on Easy Terms or at special low cash prices. If you are unable to call, write to Dept. K 19 for free design book in colour, sample pieces and full details how to order.

CATESBYS LTD., Dept. K.19, [illegible] LONDON, W.1

A Free Booklet

is offered on page 27 by The Telephone Development Association.

Simply fill in the Coupon.

ANOTHER MARVELLOUS OFFER!

A 5-Valve "DENNIS" Super Suit-Case Portable

YOURS FOR

60 COUPONS DOWN

And 60 Coupons per month until 960 are sent in. 4 Guineas Royalties, Valves and Batteries, or, if desired, a correspondingly larger number of coupons may be sent in place of cash for Royalties, Valves and Batteries. Send Coupon for particulars.

Fully Guaranteed. No Aerial no Earth, no gadgets. Plays wherever you take it.

GIFT FIRST COUPONS AFTER

British made. Fully Guaranteed. British and Foreign Stations. Fully Tuned in with exceptionally powerful volume

Enjoy Listening-in while Collecting Coupons

DELIVERED IMMEDIATELY

Readers of "John Bull" are invited to get at once particulars of this most amazing offer. Simply fill in and POST COUPON BELOW

A NEW STANDARD IN 10 for 6d. CIGARETTES

Here is a new cigarette that is not only cool and smooth, but really satisfying. "Navy Club" cigarettes were only introduced a short while ago, and the demand is increasing by leaps and bounds, a sure sign of their popularity.

Don't delay, call at the first tobacconist you pass and buy a packet of "Navy Club" cigarettes.

NAVY Club cigarettes are made of the finest quality Leaf. The finest blend you have ever tried.

Ask your Tobacconist to-day for a Packet.

THREE QUALITIES

PLAIN	CORK	IVORY
Medium Strength	Tipped Mild	Tipped Very Mild

FABIAN'S

Navy Club

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

COUPON

Enclose in halfpenny stamped unsealed envelope and post to L. & J. FABIAN (Dept. C.B. 24), 74, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Please send me particulars of your offer explaining How I Can Get The "Dennis" Five-valve Super Suit-Case Portable without any cash payment whatsoever and Collect Coupons afterwards.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... COUNTY .....

L. & J. FABIAN 74 NEW BOND ST LONDON W

Has New Hair

Kotalko Did It!

"I was almost bald," writes Miss Annie Thompson. "I tried all kinds of treatments, but the falling of my hair continued. "At last I was advised to try Kotalko and to my great joy discovered that I had finally found the right thing. The new hair growth developed and strengthened. "It has been maintained in length and quantity, as you will see by my photograph. My hair is all that can be desired. "I cannot praise Kotalko sufficiently, for it has really worked wonders in my case."

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

Test Box If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (53 R.H.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

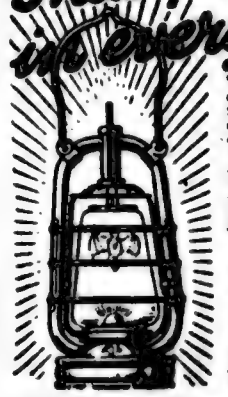
Name.....

Address .....

.....

JB 83

Indispensable in every Home



There are dozens of uses in every home for the wonderful "Bat" lantern. You cannot afford to be without one. Burns paraffin 2½ hrs. for 1d. Unbreakable and absolutely stormproof. Better than candles for every emergency. From all ironmongers but insist on

4/-

GENUINE **BAT LANTERNS**

If any difficulty in obtaining, write for name of nearest stockist to: G. Wild, 32, Ropemaker Street, London.

The GRAVES **'Triumph' BargainBale**

Price complete & Carriage Paid **£3:0:0**

TERMS: 5/- with Order and 5/- Monthly. Cheque Approved

One Pair WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS, Blue Borders. Whipped edges. Size 66 x 86ins. Weight 7lbs pair.

One Pair ALL WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS. Whipped edges. Size 60x80ins. Weight 6lbs pr

One Pair GREY BOLTON TWILL hemmed SHEETS Size 70 x 90in. Weight 4lbs pair.

Coloured ALHAMBRA Hemmed QUILT 72x94ins

Bleached Damask Table CLOTH. 54ins square.

Two pure WHITE PILLOW CASES. Size 30 x 30ins.

Pure WHITE BOLSTER CASE to match. Size 20 x 60ins.

IMPORTANT. By way of extra benefit, we include a 18-Piece Cutlery Service:—6 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 6 Dessert Size Forks, 6 Dessert Size Spoons, & 6 Tea Spoons, all of 'Columbian' Silver which wears white all through.

Write for fully Illustrated Catalogue, Post Free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

PARENTHOOD

A Manual of Birth Control

By MICHAEL FIELDING

with a preface by

H. G. WELLS

New and greatly extended Edition with Diagrams, Bibliography and information as to Clinics, etc. Over 50,000 copies sold.

"When the adult citizen has gone through these pages he or she will have all the mastery of his or her sexual self that knowledge can give."—From H. G. Wells' preface.

Cloth 3s. 6d. Paper 2s. Postage 2d.

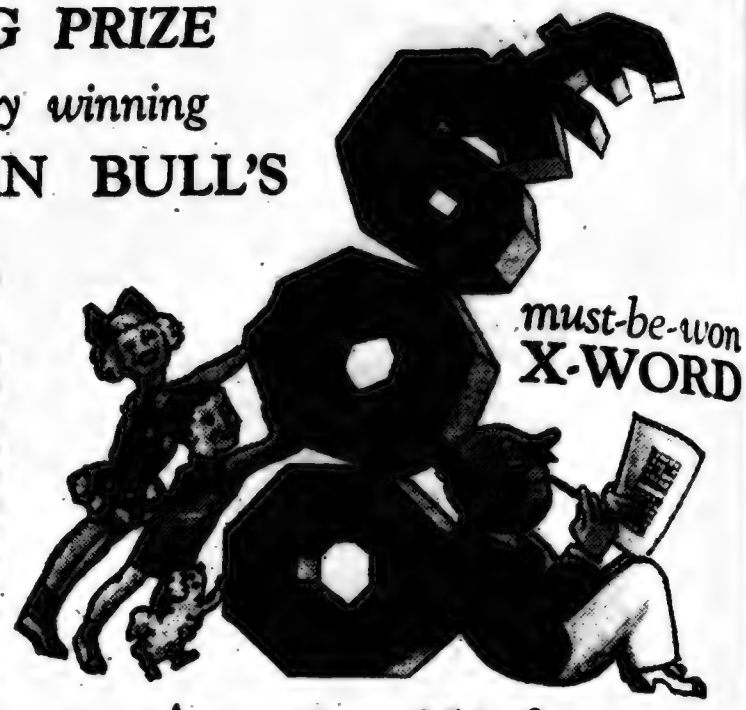
NOEL DOUGLAS

Dept. J.B.8, 38, Great Ormond St., W.C.1

Bring this STAGGERING PRIZE *your way by winning* JOHN BULL'S must-be-won X-WORD

THIS staggering prize may come your way this week. Six hundred of the best—overwhelming thought, isn't it?

Settle down at once, and fill in the forms below. You may be filling in cheques before long, with a big balance on the right side.



JOHN BULL will pay £600 for a correct solution on one form of JOHN BULL's Crossword No. 83 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader as an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double-entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), October 2nd. Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, October 9th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, October 16th. Result of Crossword No. 80 appears on page 27.

An extra £50 for runners-up.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing three-halfpenny stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 83), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, October 2nd.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed —/& Co./— and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £600 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, October 16th. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £600 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post Tuesday, October 21st, after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim prove valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), October 2nd.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 83

Entry Form "A."

JB.83. *Do not separate these forms.*

Entry Form "B."

JB.83.

CUT HERE

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P. O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), October 2nd.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

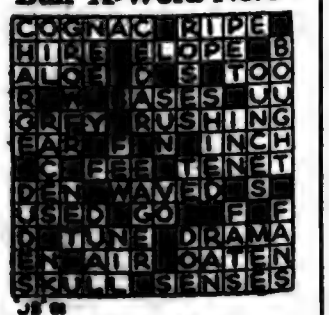
1. SKILFUL.
4. PRIZES.
8. ELEPHANTS' TUSKS ARE.
10. WISE PEDESTRIAN STUDIES THESE.
11. LAUNDRESS USES THESE.
13. USEFUL ANIMAL TO FARMER.
14. BUNDLE.
17. CUNNING.
18. BOXER DOES THIS.
20. TO BE FRUITFUL.
22. JACKET.
24. AT A DISTANCE.
26. LAUGH QUIETLY.
29. QUANTITIES OF 20 CWT.
30. RANGE OF KNOWLEDGE.
31. ARTIST USES.
34. LAIR.
37. OFTEN SERVED UP ON A DISH.
38. BABY HAS A SMALL ONE WHEN EATING.
39. SIGN OF THIN TIMES.
40. SEEN IN A STABLE.

Clues Down.

2. SOMETHING LIGHT AND TRIFLING.
3. WRONG.
4. PUSS.
5. DONKEY.
6. MEN WORK HERE.
7. PLACE.
9. BEFORE.
12. FATHER LIKES THIS.
15. YES.
16. MAKE.
17. PART OF A TREE.
18. DONE TO A PACKAGE AT POST OFFICE.
19. POUND AT SEA.
21. PROHIBIT.
23. AFTERNOON MEAL.
25. WHERE SHEEP MAY BE SEEN.
27. SUCCESSORS.
28. NOT LIGHTED.
32. PART OF THE BODY.
33. EVERYTHING.
35. AGE.
36. NEGATIVE.

Chambers' 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest editions) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 81



JB 81

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 81 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

Write to "John Bull" About It!

F. K. (Clerkenwell).—"An inventor claims that he has made an alarm-clock that will last for ever." He can't be a father!

THE Editor Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

NEWLY WED (Barnet).—"My wife insists." Our advice is—go quietly.

T. P. (Newark).—"I don't like open spaces." Thenwhydon'tyouwritelikethis?

H. M. (Ipswich).—"What does 'one over the eight' mean?" A fine, generally.

F. G. (Wigan).—"I went home to die." Why did you break so good a resolution?

A. B. (London).—"A chain is as strong as its weakest link." This is probably why chain-letters are never filed.

L. B. (Goole).—"She left all her money to dogs." Not the first time a fortune has gone in that direction.

A. Y. (Coventry).—"Two miles of wire were stolen from a yard near here." Fancy a thief going to such lengths!

I. M. (Margate).—"What do you think of the enclosed farce in three acts?" It has three acts too many.

S. V. (Leicester).—"I have been engaged several times, but am still a bachelor." May your good luck continue.

C. S. (Bristol).—"Politicians generally live long." That is the worst of politicians.

MIKE (Queenstown).—"I saw an earwig patiently climbing up a ladder." Artificial silk?

G. S. (Ashford).—"Railways are going to the dogs." Maintaining their place as the greyhounds of the iron road.

T. D. (Bodmin).—"I have been having music lessons for six years and my teacher says I am gradually improving." He probably refers to his income.

P. M. (Hendon).—"Whenever I hear anything over the wireless I think how wonderful it is." Lots of people have sets like that.

V. B. (Chester).—"One should always be polite to people whose bills one can't pay." Yes, we must remember what is due to them.

B. W. R. (Rugby).—"I discourage my children from asking questions." Well, it is awkward if you don't know the answers

BARITONE (Goole).—"I sang half a dozen numbers; then they threw things." There's not always safety in numbers.

TENOR (Dorchester).—"Singing every day will cure melancholia." But what will cure you of singing every day?

PUBLISHER (E.C.4).—"I would welcome the return of the long novel." Who borrowed it?

J. L. (Ely).—"I shall have to run to the post with this." A waste of energy.

BROKER (City).—"Kaffirs are active just now." Practising a new war-dance?

MRS. Y. (Sandhurst).—"Women like strong, silent men." Thinking that they are listening.

W. P. (Richmond).—"For punting you want plenty of practice." Yes; swimming practice.

MARY (Manchester). — "Now we've found a small room to live in, we'll get married." A marriage of inconvenience!

G. P. (Hitchin).—"Can you tell me the quickest way to get on the stage?" Climb over the orchestra.

B. M. (Bude).—"I have invented a hook that can't be broken." It should catch on.

N. M. (York).—"I only want a very brief criticism of enclosed verses." W.P.B.

D. N. (Goole).—"I am thinking seriously of getting a Government job." Then you wouldn't have to.

T. P. (Clacton).—"I often recite my own poetry to myself at home." How thoughtful.

B. P. (Baldock).—"My doctor says he once received a human nose by post." And ears are often boxed.

R. B. (Dorking).—"As my car killed her hens I must replace them myself." But can you lay eggs yourself?

R. B. (Bedford).—"They refused to serve me with oysters at a London hotel." Perhaps it wasn't opening time.

STUDENT (Birmingham).—"In the old days a duel was the matter of only a few minutes." And a couple of seconds.

B. C. (Exeter).—"I lost my hat when our team scored the winning goal." Because your head was in it at the time?

C. D. (Hammersmith).—"A New York gangster crossed the Atlantic." This was a case where double-crossing most appealed to the police.

P. R. (Chelmsford).—"Did you find anything useful in my last batch of ideas?" Yes, the stamped addressed envelope.

A. G. G. (Todmorden).—"Who are the Big Five?" Ask a policeman. But if you want to know about the Big Ten, turn to page 35.

R. P. (London, W.).—"My wife takes me to my club every night in her two-seater." She's not the only woman who has driven her husband to drink.

N. B. (Hampstead).—"I am waiting a little longer before taking up miniature golf." Until you know a few miniature swear words?

P. M. (Grendon).—"I saw my son driving his car with one hand while his other arm was round a young widow." Both very dangerous proceedings.

INSPECTOR (Leeds).—"Nowadays, men consider income-tax forms excellent pipe-lighters." In the Stone Age, of course, they considered them excellent crazy-paving for the garden.

MRS. L. (Tavistock).—"What is the best way to preserve toys?" Hide them from father.

A. T. (Upton Park).—"The Victorian ladies posed." The Georgian ladies expose.

W. W. (Leamington).—"A lamplighter has written his autobiography." It should be illuminating.

M. B. (Felsted).—"She declares she just married me for my car. What shall I do?" Sell car, and hope for the worst.

M. D. (Birmingham).—"To enjoy a holiday one must have change." And plenty of it.

EXPERT (Southport).—"In botanical circles the word potomogetonaceæ is used." But, we sincerely hope, not often.

O. P. (Ravensgill).—"Eskimo children never cry." But they often have a little blubber.

ALF (Eccles).—"A London tailor knocked out a burglar in five seconds." He quickly took the intruder's measure.

B. H. (Whitehall).—"It is a fact that at least 150,000 Civil Servants receive only £3 a week." That possibly explains why they so often belie their name.

SOCIETY (Chelsea).—"People who move in the best circles have many temptations." It must be difficult to keep straight.

DISGUSTED (Reading). — "American films never act like a tonic to me." But they sometimes leave a nasty taste in one's mouth.

ACTOR (Garstang).—"Most dramatists need an orchestra to make their plays go." Bernard Shaw, however, can blow his own trumpet.

STUDENT (Grange).—"Tennyson was so short-sighted, he thought railway engines ran in grooves." He was mistaken—only the railway directors do that.

HISTORIAN (Islington).—"A hundred years ago highwaymen slunk about the hedgerows." Now they simply post their demand notes on to you.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

DAILY MAIL:—"Councillor ——— today STEAMED into the North Landing here with a MOTOR-BOAT."

GLASGOW WEEKLY NEWS:—"The pail of boiling water was filled by the mother of the LITTLE BOY WHO DIED AS AN OBLIGEMENT TO A NEIGHBOUR."

"THE COUNTESS OF ZELLE" (Novel):—"He STOOD by her side still SEATED on the horse."

DAILY MAIL:—"In three cases housebreakers were caught through PEDESTRIANS taking the police to the scene in their MOTOR-CARS."

"THE HIDDEN CITY" (Novel):—"I was flung forward on my FACE, severely damaging the BACK OF MY HEAD."

BROADSTAIRS AND ST. PETER'S MAIL:—"Having made 1,511 for five wickets, the police declared and then dismissed eight of their opponents for eight WICKETS."

WEEKLY TELEGRAPH:—"The old fellow rubbed HIS ROUGH BEARD ON HIS SCRUBBY CHIN."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"Accidental death through SUFFOCATION BY DROWNING was the verdict on Mr. J. H. ——, who was killed while MOTORING home."

ADVENTURE:—"Roddy and he found themselves in the midst of three excited men variously ARMED with pokers, sticks and knives and a couple of MAIDSERVANTS."

BETTY'S PAPER:—"Were you to KILL me, I would DO THE SAME AGAIN."

PLYMOUTH DAILY EVENTS:—"The climate is very beneficial for many CHEST COMPLAINTS, including bronchitis, RHEUMATISM and asthma."

ROUGHLY SPEAKING

all razor blades are alike - - -

SMOOTHLY SPEAKING

you cannot find any to equal -

MYATT DAYMARK BLADES

3D. EACH

1/3 FOR FIVE

Sole Manufacturers
W. J. MYATT & CO., LTD.,
BIRMINGHAM.

For this style of razor

WHY SUFFER FROM YOUR LIVER?

Why be handicapped with blotches on the face, eyes with a yellow tinge, that tired languid feeling? These indicate a torpid liver.

Headache, Dizziness and Biliousness are sure to follow. You must stimulate your lazy liver with Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Purely vegetable, free from calomel and poisonous drugs, small, easy to swallow, and not habit forming. They are not a purgative that cramps or pains. All Chemists, 1/3 and 3/- packages.

GRAVES

FASHIONABLE WINTER STYLES

EVERY lady should write at once for the Graves Display of Fashions which includes the newest ideas for the Wardrobe — **Coats, Costumes, Dance Frocks and Robes for all occasions** made in the best style and offered at the keenest prices and on Easy Monthly Payment Terms.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

We issue a complete range of Patterns. Buy your own interests you should write now, stating the style of garment you are interested in, and samples of the actual materials will be sent you by return, together with self measurement Form, and all necessary information.

We have 30 years reputation for straightforward trading.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

FROM 5/- MONTHLY

AMAZING value offered in Fur Sports Wear, Skirts, Jumpers, Underwear, and Hosiery, etc.; also Maids' and Children's Wear at Bargain Prices on Deferred Payments. Send a small amount with order and the rest in monthly payments if entirely satisfied.

NEW SHOES in a sixpenny bottle

If you use 'Radium' Leather Dyes. No matter how soiled or faded the leather has become, shoes will take on a new beauty when this amazing dye is used. Sold in black and all fashionable colours in 6d. bottles complete with the handy mop. Supplied by Repairers, Leather Stores, and Boot Shops.

If any difficulty write for leaflet and name of nearest dealer.

Radium 6D LEATHER DYES

for shoes & all Leather goods

RADIUM LTD., BROADHEATH MANCHESTER.

Use Radium Satin Dye for dyeing ladies' dress shoes a perfect black. 6d. a bottle.

IN CONFIDENCE TO PARENTS

Would you let your children cross the road before warning them against the traffic? No! Because you know that otherwise they may be run over and killed, or maimed for life.

Yet thousands of parents shirk the responsibility of telling their children before they go out into the world of the problems and difficulties which may ruin their lives. A straight talk about the essential facts of life, social hygiene, and the dangers of irresponsible behaviour is the best safeguard parents can provide.

Parents who would like to know how to put these facts with simplicity and truth should write to the Medical Secretary, Dept. P, British Social Hygiene Council, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1. The Medical Secretary will interview callers free of charge at the above address on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, between 5.30 and 6.30; or an appointment may be made by telephoning Victoria 8767. No examination or treatment is undertaken.

Six useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set. Four useful booklets for Girls, 8d. the set. Six useful booklets for Young Men, 1/3 the set. All in plain cover. Postage paid in the United Kingdom.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

Tragedy of a SECOND MARRIAGE

"I HAD to pawn the bedclothes this morning to get the children a bit of dinner," said Mrs. Cleverden, who had come from the hospital where she attends twice daily for treatment for an injured arm, bruising and shattered nerves.

Her stepfather brought her suffering, too

Her first husabled ex-Service man, died, leaving her a widow at the age of twenty-five with two young children. Her little son had a serious illness, and has been ailing ever since.

Finding that her pension of 18s. was insufficient to provide for his needs, she got work as an office-cleaner.

But the children needed all her care, and when a friend persuaded her to marry him, pleading that he would provide her and the kiddies with a comfortable home, she consented.

After two months he started ill-treating her. On one occasion, when he had rained blow after blow on her face till it was unrecognisable, she sought protection from the police.

Her husband, however, wrote a pleading letter, begging for another chance, and she gave in.

One day, after assaulting her, he proceeded to break up the home. She took the children and went to live with her blind mother, who has only 15s. a week.

By her second marriage Mrs. Cleverden lost her pension of 10s., and as her husband contributed nothing to the family's maintenance, she sued him last July.

But a reconciliation was again patched up, and they took rooms at 16s. 6d. per week.

The climax came early this month when she was taken to hospital with her arm injured and extensive bruising.

The doctor stated that her condition was due to ill-treatment, both mental and physical.

Her husband is now serving a month's imprisonment, and an order of separation has been made out.

All Mrs. Cleverden has on which to keep herself and the children is 8s. a week.

Subscriptions sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, earmarked for her case will reach her intact.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mr. E. Birkbeck (Darwen), 1s.; Mrs. H. P. Thompson (Droxford), 2s.; Mrs. L. E. Scott (Eastbourne), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. A. Slacks (Macclesfield), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), 10s.; Nemo (Stroud Green), £1; Clif, 2s.; Anon. (Abergavenny), 9d.; Anon. (Northwich), 3s. 6d.; Shale Miner, 2s. 6d.; Sympathiser (Woking), 5s.; Anon. (Nottingham), 2s. 6d.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Wollaston), 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 3s.; 551, 2s.; Anon. (Northwich), 1s.; Just a Sympathiser (Manchester), 1s.; Anon. (Essex), 1s. 6d.; Newington, 2s.; Anon. (Letchworth), 2s. 6d.; G. L. (Newport), 3s. 6d.; Anon. (Radcliffe), 6d.; Anon. (Kirkcaldy), £9; Billie, 1s. 1½d.; Meggie (Cleethorpes), £1; Dora (Bradford), 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart (Dundee), 2s. 6d.; A 9th, 3d.; Avening, 11d.; "?" 1s. 11d.; Mr. H. J. T. Lowne, 2s.; Miles Lavenick (Hucknall), 2s. 6d.; J. O. B., 2s. 6d.; F. V., 2s. 6d.; Bill (Mirfield), 8s.; Mrs. Annie L. Gloster (Clonkse), £1; Mrs. Millen (Enfield), 5s.; Target Twins (Camberley), 2s.; Mrs. P. M. Wilson (Sachet), 8s. 9d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: F. M. Evans (Greyhound); Mrs. Wray (St. Heller); Mrs. E. A. Holmes; F. Benstead (Acton); A Well-Wisher (Swindon).

Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

FIRE FIEND *prepares for his Winter harvest*

SMOKE is curling up the chimney once again. Stray sparks will be flying. The risk of Fire is increased one hundredfold.

John Bull, the only paper to pay Fire Benefits

If the Fire Fiend should visit your home, make sure that you could call on JOHN BULL for a cheque to replace the damage to your household possessions.

Register for our Great Free Insurance Gift on the forms below. JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to pay Fire Benefits.

FIRE—up to £400.

We give below a few only of the Fire Benefits recently paid.

MAUCHLINE, AYRSHIRE.—Mrs. M. Jamieson, 21, New Rd.
HEADLEY, NR. BORDON, HANTS.—Mrs. E. A. Shrubb, Barley Mow Hill.
JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. S. Hodgson, 46, Pearson Place.
BOLTON, LANCS.—Mrs. A. Jameson, 43, Wallace St.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. M. M. Fretwell, 5, Pearson St., Basford.
ABERSYCHAN, MON. — Mr. T. Fisher, 17, Foundary Rd.
PENGAM, MON.—Mrs. M. Baldwin, 5, Plas Terr., Fleur de Lis.
SALFORD.—Mr. J. O. Hughes, 28, Athole St., Seedley.
ELLESMERE PORT, WIRRAL.—Mr. G. H. Telley, 7, Arthur Avenue.
BARNES, S.W.13.—Mrs. B. Dixon, 6, Arundel Terr., Castelnau.
LIVERSEDGE, YORKS.—Mrs. J. T. Rigg, 7, Common Side, Robertstown.
GOOLE, YORKS.—Mrs. E. Hillary 19, Byron St.
STRATFORD, E.15.—Mr. R. J. Martin, 62, Rokeby St.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—Mrs. M. Thomas, 106, Wellscote Rd.
BURRY PORT, CARM.—Mr. A. E. Putze, 56, Burrows Terr.
DONCASTER.—Mrs. F. E. Booth, 10, Searta Ave., Balby.
MARKHAM, NR. NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. H. Jenkins, 7 Abermant Rd.
BECKMINSTER, WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. H. C. Cartwright, The Haven, Cedar Grove, St. Phillips Ave.
LUTON, BEDS.—Mrs. R. W. more, Ramridge End, St.
SCARBOROUGH.—Mr. C. M. 56, Trafalgar Rd.
CHELSEA, S.W.10.—Mrs. C. 16, Lots Rd.
FARINGDON, BERKS.—Mrs. Barnes, Southampton St.
ARLESEY, BEDS.—Mrs. A. Charles, White Crofts, St.
FLEETWOOD, LANCS.—Mrs. Blair, 121, Mount St.
WALWORTH, S.E.17.—Mrs. M son, 103, Faraday St.

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, and Accident "John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 27/9/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent. .....

.....

.....Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY**

J.B., 27/9/30.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

"WORTH FOUR TIMES AS MUCH."

"Just received Pen and Pencil. I sure have struck a bargain and a good one too. It is surely worth three or four times its value."—B. Mainworth, 58, Foster Street, Darlaston.

Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. With each pen is presented a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil free, heavily plated, complete with re-fills. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.

'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & Co. / (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

TEN BIG CASH PRIZES—HURRY!

FOR one week only you have a ten-fold opportunity of securing a substantial cheque for a few words.

See for yourself how rich are the rewards for good *Bullets* this week; realise before it is too late that you can be amongst the winners and start on your efforts this evening. Half-an-hour of quiet thinking, and any sum from 2s. 6d. to £300 may be yours.

All you have to do is to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to one of the *Examples* on this page. As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* IN RECORD TIME, the added words RECORD OF "TIME" PRODUCED would complete a typical *Bullet*.

Let the winners below assist you to acquire the winning style, and see that your entry is received not later than Saturday, October 4.

THREE LIFE PENSIONS GOING FOR "BULLETS" No. 772.
£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE—£2 A WEEK FOR LIFE—£1 A WEEK FOR LIFE.

£792-10s. CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £400, COMPETITION No. 773:

Mrs. J. W. Baines, "Southdene," Alexandra Road, Clacton-on-Sea.
Example:—AS SOON AS HE CAN.
Bullet:—"RISE," BRITISH HEAVYWEIGHT "RETIRES."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Miss E. M. Skeet, 100, Ranelagh Road, Felixstowe.
Example—Dastardly Blow
Bullet—If Life's Staff "Raised."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mrs. J. R. Seager, 39, Dutton Street, Blackheath Hill, S.E.
Example—If You Think
Bullet—*Head*" May Use *You*.

OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS:

£20: C. FOSTER, 3, Whiston Grove, Rotherham.
Pillar Of The State—Holds Country "Above Self."

£19: W. FEET, 128, Tyneham Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.
Winter's Coming. But—Heed "Chaps" Already "Smarting."

£18: G. WALE, 34, Elm Terrace, Orpington.
On Safe Ground—Since He "Crashed" Successfully.

£17: Miss M. DAY, 119, St. Peter's Street, South Croydon.
Life Of Crime—Slums Do Prolong *That*.

£16: J. MALCOLM, "Dilkusha," Havant Road, Farlington, Cosham, Hants.
More Exciting—Wedding—*Mothers* "Crossed Swords."

£15: H. RICHARDSON, 4, Cranford Avenue, Sale.
In The Business World—"Per Cent," The Serpent.

£14: A. HANSON, 1, Moulson Street, Bradford.
Pillar Of The State—And Political "May-Pole," Taxpayer.

£13: A. McNAMARA, 5, Millar St., Paisley.
Dastardly Blow — "Sacked" After Brains "Pillaged."

£12: Mrs. M. E. HAMER, 7, Ivy Road, Bury.
Winter's Coming, But—Political "Muffs" Aren't "Warming."

£11: Miss E. MORGAN, 999, London Road, Thornton Heath.
Off She Goes And—Wonders What Started Car!

£10: C. W. SHAW, 248, Liverpool Road, Haydock.
Refusing To Stop — "Bumped Into" Success.

£9: I. LOWTON, Ellerhayes, Bradninch, Devon.
Prices—Beyond Reach—"Take Steps."

£8: B. TAYLOR, 141, Dill Hall Lane, Church, Accrington.
Needless To Say — Less Need — Less "Needle."

£7: E. HARRIS, 1, Parkinson Terrace, Nottingham.
Off She Goes And—*Our* "Bargain's" Completely Forgotten.

£6: C. S. PARKINSON, 28, Barony Street, Edinburgh.
Life Of Crime—Aberdonian Blamed Cinema *Placards*.

TWO PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. F. BRYANT, 566, Prince of Wales Road, Sheffield.
Winter's Coming But—Hubby Can't Wear Aspidistra!

G. TURNER, 44, Oakham Road, Dudley.
As Soon As He Can—Was "Immediately!" Before Elected.

A list of 80 12s. 6d. and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

"Examples" for Competition No. 777.

Taxpayer's Opinion—Letting Off Steam—Two Million—Foregone Conclusion—Taking Him Down—For Preference—Keep Your Eyes Open And—Brought Home—Mismanaged—To Live—Cheaper—Helped Me—All She Can Say—Rollicking Time—Shock For The Tenant—Letting Them Off—False Alarm—Holding Out—Like A Rocket—Enough For Her—Standing Up For Himself—In Miniature—Going Up—Many—Hates Publicity—Food For Reflection—At The Show—He Had His Change, But—On Dangerous Ground—A Red Herring—Thrown To The Winds—Every Day.

(Closing Saturday, October 11.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 776

BRITAIN'S TROUBLE
TORN WITH EMOTION
FINE PERFORMANCE
TERRIFYING
GIRL I'M WAITING FOR
NOT THE SAME
WON'T ANSWER
ACCUSING FINGER
AS HE'S A CELEBRITY
FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN
CLINCHING MATTERS
CONSIDERING HIS AGE
READY FOR A FIGHT
NOTHING TO EAT
MOUNTAINS OF WORK
A THOUSAND A YEAR
GAINING
LONG WAY TO GO
NOW THEY FINISHED
LEFT TO HER
IN RECORD TIME
NOTHING DAUNTED
FINDING THE SNAG
ONCE MORE
TAKING HIS NAME
LOST TO THE WORLD
HARD-WORKING CHAP
SAVED HER LIFE
OBVIOUSLY
IN WONDERLAND
BOWING AND SCRAPING
IT COSTS NOTHING, YET

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 4
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(776) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 4
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(776) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 4
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(776) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Oct. 4
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(776) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 776, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

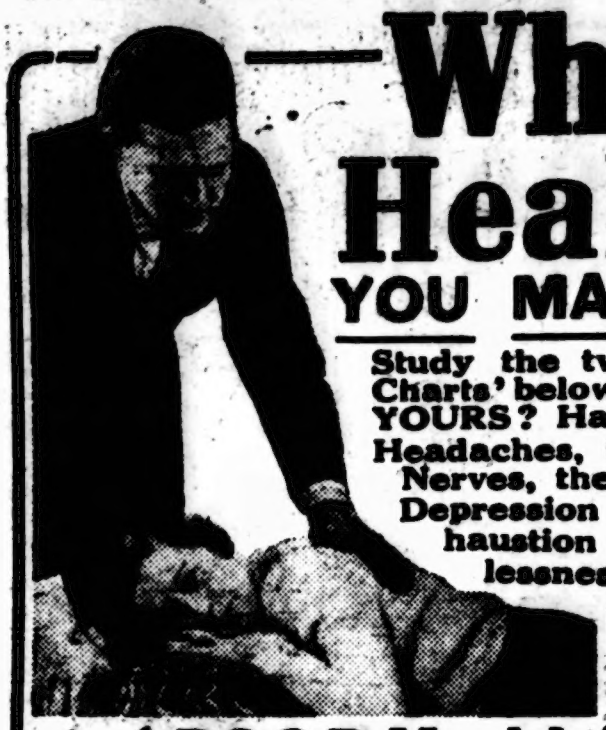
The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 772 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Arthur Gardner, Albert Street, Lye, Nr. Stourbridge.

Every week regular readers of *Bullets Bulletin* are stepping up into the prize-list—you also will find its free weekly help invaluable. Apply for a free specimen copy, sending your name and address on a penny postcard. Or, better still, make sure of the next 13 issues by sending crossed P.O. 6d. (to cover postage) made payable to JOHN BULL. Address:—"Bulletin" Department, Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in Competition No. 776 have purchased "John Bull."

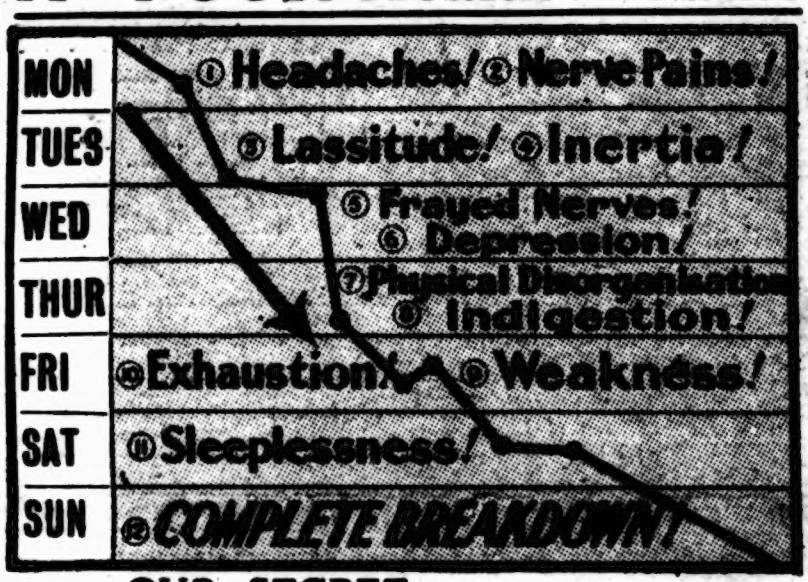
What Does YOUR Health Chart Show?

YOU MAY BE HEADING TO BREAKDOWN!



Study the two 'Health Charts' below! Which is YOURS? Have YOU the Headaches, the Frayed Nerves, the Lassitude, Depression or the Exhaustion and Sleeplessness that leads inevitably towards a Complete Health Breakdown? Are YOU going on from day to day feeling ill, unable to Work properly, suffering Pain—seeing the 'red light'? You must take 'Yeast-Vite' NOW and AT ONCE. It will give you Quick Relief and LASTINGLY Restore your Health. It will send your health Chart soaring up to the 'Perfect Fitness' mark—banish the Pains in a few minutes—conquer the Exhaustion and Lassitude—remedy the Physical Disorganisation and Soothe your Jangled and Jumpy Nerves.

A 'POOR-Health' Chart



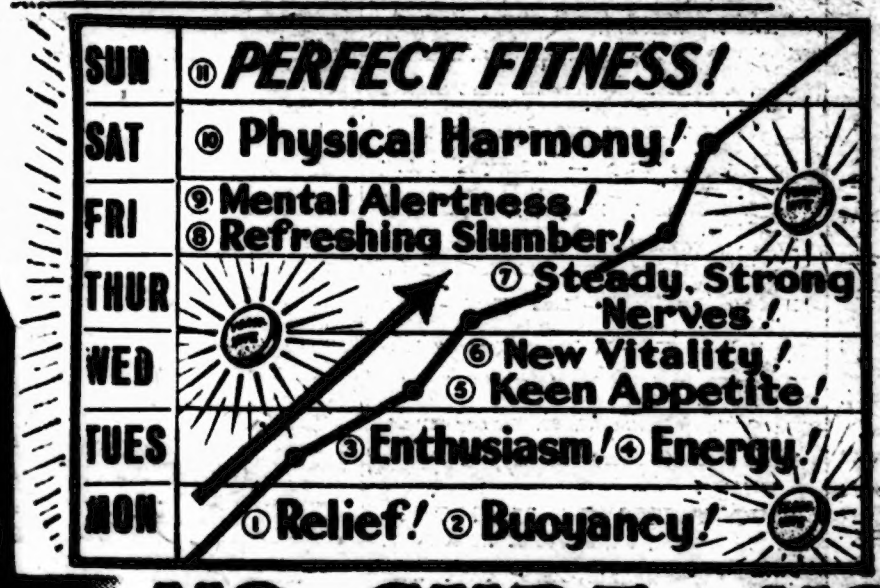
THIS CHART!

See on the Chart on the left how your Health can decline! Start on Monday with a Headache or Nerve Pains. By Tuesday you are overtaken by Lassitude and Inertia. Wednesday brings Frayed Nerves and a feeling of Depression. Still you go DOWN—Weakness and Exhaustion. You cannot sleep. And by the following Sunday Breakdown stares you in the face. At what stage is YOUR Health on this Chart? Take two 'Yeast-Vite' Tablets AT ONCE! Send your 'Health Chart' UP instead of letting it go DOWN!

OUR SECRET

"Yeast-Vite" is an Accurate Scientific Combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomycetis Cerevisiæ), Vitamins (especially the All-Important Health Vitamin B), and other Tonic Ingredients as prescribed by Leading Specialists.

Yeast-Vite 'GOOD-Health' Chart



This Chart

NOW study the Good Health Chart on the left! Start at the bottom. Take two 'YEAST-VITE' Tablets on Monday and almost instantly experience a Glorious Sensation of Relief—even Buoyancy. On Tuesday take another two 'YEAST-VITE' tablets. By Wednesday you experience not only Keen Appetite but actually New Vitality. One improvement Rapidly follows on another. By Saturday Physical Harmony and by Sunday Perfect Fitness is achieved.

NO CURE—NO PAY!

£5,000 Guarantee

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD and Fair Dealing British Offer ever made to the Public. Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of 'Yeast-Vite' from any chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of 'YEAST-VITE,' return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, Herts, and your money will be refunded in full under a £5,000 Guarantee.

No proprietary rights are claimed in my method of manufacture or formula other than the Registered Trade Mark, "Yeast-Vite."

T.C.B.

Yeast-Vite

Yeast-Vite Brand Tonic Tablets. From All Chemists, Price 1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Bottle.

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